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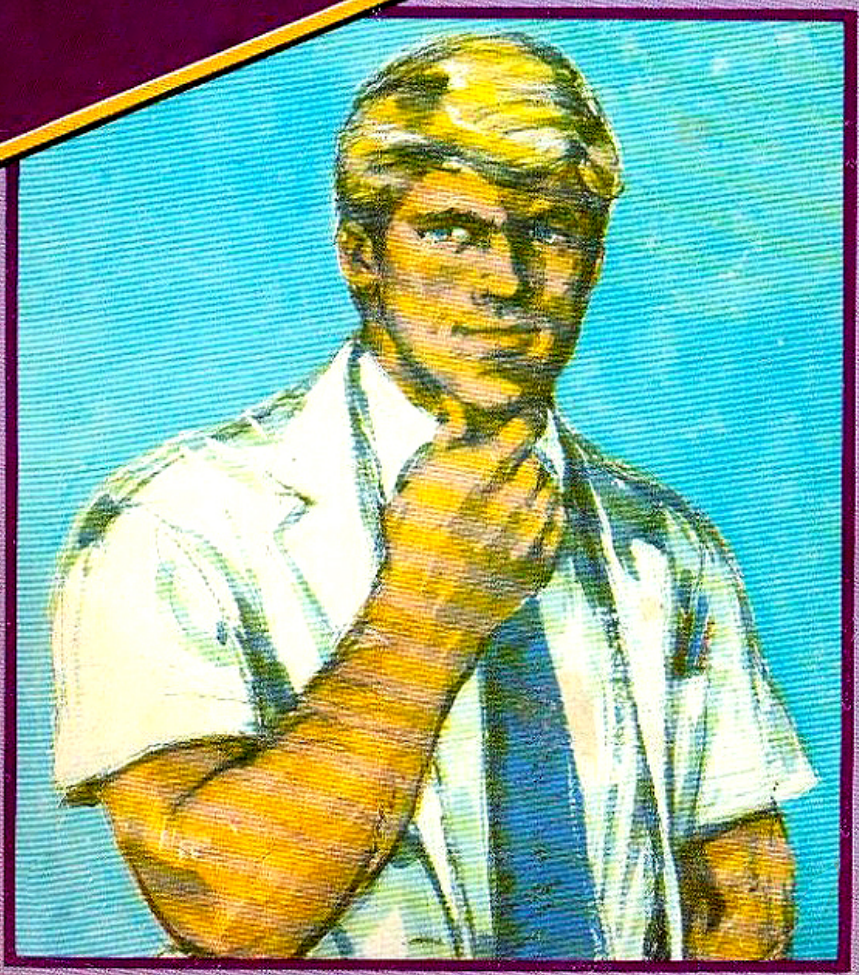
POWER FORCE SERIES

# HUNG STUD

by David Sampson



# FOREWORD

What is the proper setting for sex education? Who is the appropriate teacher? This novel deals with these controversial questions in graphic and uncompromising terms. It details a sixteen year old boy's quest for physical self-understanding. Because he is unable to obtain the knowledge he needs through so called conventional sources, he turns to the age old and sometimes dangerous source of learning, personal experience.

Bobby, the central character of this book, knows that other males, only slightly older than he, possess the techniques for giving and receiving pleasure. Quite deliberately, he seeks them out, placing himself and his friends in situations which can have but one outcome—a rapid growth in sexual self-awareness. The boy's purpose in all this is to attract the attention of a seemingly unattainable man, nearly old enough to be his father. When his obvious sexual

overture is spurned by the stranger, Bobby sets out to learn all he can about the world of homosexual lovemaking in hopes of making himself irresistible to the man he covets. In the process, he lives every aspect of male-to-male sexual contacts, describing all of it in clear, personal detail. The story is written in Bobby's own words, relating from his point of view every new happening, every unique feeling and emotional breakthrough.

As he gains knowledge, Bobby discovers how much of life he has been missing. He begins to question the value and purpose of convention, confronting the question of whether social mores, no matter how entrenched they may be, serve any practical function other than to repress natural human expression.

His adjunct discovery is that, no matter how small a town may be, there are many men who are quite willing to teach a boy the ways of male love. The fact of the matter is that Bobby, the willing pupil, finds himself with too many teachers, some of them with lessons far too hard to

bear without extreme pain. It is only when he is at last confronted with the sadistic side of homosexual life, trapped and raped by a gang of motorcyclists, that he faces head-on the unreasoning fears he has harbored of closeness to others of his own sex.

His daring rescue from the rapists and his description of the hours that follow bring the story to a climax. Still, a larger question remains. Should a young man have to take it upon himself to learn the intricate details of the gay experience? Ought there not to be satisfactory and fulfilling way for him to discover himself without putting his very life in danger? Who is to decide what it is proper for a person to be taught?

Bobby's story, told in his own words, opens speculation on these and other matters of concern to anyone who wonders as to the role of sex and sensual pleasure in contemporary life.

# CHAPTER ONE

"Ram it in. Yeah! That's the way I like it." The tall man yelled as he grasped the tree trunk. Behind him, the big blond stood on tiptoe, ramming his huge prick deep into his guts. The two of them stood in the clearing, sunlight dappling their broad shoulders. Their bodies moved together in perfect harmony. The one being fucked stuck his trim ass out, offering it to the blond. He, in turn, pounded his prick in even deeper than before. The tiny clearing was filled with the sounds of their bodies slapping together and of their labored breathing.

I tried to imagine what they must be feeling, as I hid in the tall grass watching them screw. It had been well worth following them, just as I suspected it might be. There is something suspicious about two grown men sneaking off together into the woods, Even a small town kid like me knows that. I had been watching these two all day. They were both nice to look at, I have to admit. The

blond, Hank Price, works over at the gas station. He hasn't been in town too long, just a couple of years. The other one was a stranger.

I was at the service station putting air in the tires of my bike, when this big Buick pulled in. As the window rolled down, Hank Price came sprinting over to the car. "Can I help you, sir?"

"Fill it with high test, for starters," I heard the man in the car say. He had a nice voice, deep and dark.

"Yessir. Right away." Brushing his long blond hair out of his eyes. Hank ran to the pump and grabbed the nozzle. He knelt behind the car, pulled down the license plate, unscrewed the cap, and shoved in. I squatted by my bicycle, my eyes taking in Hank's ass, something I like looking at. I had often wondered what it looked like bare. If it were as tight and muscular as it seemed through his coveralls, it would be well worth seeing.

Hank grabbed paper towels and a squirt bottle and went to clean the

windshield. He leaned over the driver's side, pressing his box against the edge of the windshield. He always does that. I could see, even from where I squatted, that the man in the car was as interested in the bulge in Hank's coveralls as I was.

"Check your oil, sir?" Hank asked, flashing his incredible white teeth at the stranger.

"What? Oh, yeah, fine," The man stammered, his mind anywhere but on the oil. He was not bad looking, I decided, about thirty-five and clean cut, probably a salesman. His face was well-chiseled, almost craggy, and nicely tanned. The dark hair was worn quite long and casually combed. A few gray hairs dotted the bushy sideburns.

Hank closed the hood. "Oil's okay, sir," he said as he came back to the rear of the car and removed the gas hose.

"That'll be ten dollars even, please."

"Will you take a check?" the man said.

"Only on the local bank, sir. Boss's orders. Sorry."

"Well, that's understandable. I'm sorry, but I just don't have the cash. Tell you what. How about if I go over to the bank and have them cash a check for me? Then I'll bring you the money."

"Gee, I don't know, sir. What if you just take off?"

"I won't," the man said, laughing. "I'm a salesman, and I make this my territory. I can't afford to go around stiffing gas stations. It'd be bad for my reputation."

"I suppose you're right. Okay, you can bring the cash back to me."

"How long will you be here?" The man asked, sounding just a bit too interested. At least I thought he did.

"Another half hour," Hank answered, dropping a big hand to scratch his crotch casually.

"You get off then?"

"Yeah, that's right," Hank said, his hand still jiggling the bulge in his crotch.

"Tell you what. If you're free after work I'll buy yon a drink. It's the least I can do,

since you're trusting me." His eyes were on Hank's scratching hand.

"I'd like that, sir, but I'm only nineteen, and you got to be twenty-one to drink in these parts."

"You're under twenty-one? I never would have guessed it. You're so well developed. That's quite a body for a nineteen year old."

"Thanks," Hank said, blushing, "I work out a lot."

"Tell you what," the man said again, "Since I can't buy you a drink, why don't I let you show me the sights when I come back?"

"Gee, sir, there's really not that much to see."

Shut up, you fool, I thought to myself. All the guy wants to see is the sights you got between your hairy legs. Of course, I said nothing and pretended to be busy adjusting my handlebars.

"Oh, I'm sure well think of something I can look at," the man said and drove off.

I left shortly but made very sure I was back in sight of the gas station in a half hour. Right on cue, the Buick pulled into the lot. Hank came out and draped himself over the door. I was sure he knew what was going to happen, because even his loose coveralls could not hide the rod he sported.

They talked a minute, and the man gave Hank some money. The blond ran into the station with it and rang up the cash register. When he came out, he was stuffing a bill into his pocket. Without another word, he jumped into the Buick, and he and the man took off.

I wheeled out from my hiding place in the alley and pedaled after them as fast as I could go. Because they were in town, the man drove slowly, obviously believing the twenty-five mile per hour signs. I had no trouble keeping up and could even afford to lag far behind them, so Hank would not see me and suspect I was tailing him. What I was worried about was their reaching the edge of the village. Then, I knew, they would take off at full speed, and I would be left in the

dust to imagine where they were going and what they would do when they got there.

Just as they reached the edge of town, the Buick made a right turn. I could relax. Taking that road meant there was only one place they could be going, Parker Woods. It was the place all the high school seniors took their girls after dates, the local fucking grounds. Now, I was all the more certain that Hank and the stranger were going to do a lot more than look at the local sights.

Taking my time, I pedaled down the country road. The turn to Parker Woods lay less than a mile ahead. When I reached it, I parked my bike at the entrance, hid it carefully behind some bushes, and walked until I saw the Buick. It was parked off the side of the narrow road, and I figured Hank and the stranger could not have gotten too far. From the way the man had been looking at the attendant, I was surprised he did not tackle him as soon as the blond got into the car.

Listening, I heard sounds off to my left. That meant they were up in the clearing. I sneaked along the rough trail until it made the last turn before the opening. Then I made my way off to the side, breaking through to where I could see the clearing from just to the right of the trail's end. My eyes grew wide. There they were, the tall dark stranger hugging the tree trunk, and Hank socking his long, thick prong right up his asshole.

I had never seen two men screwing before, but, then, I had never seen much of anything else either. Standing there in the tall grass, I watched them go at it. The thing that surprised me was my own calmness. Should I be shocked, outraged, sickened? I was none of these. Rather, I was interested, and then excited, and then hot as hell. Even though no one had ever told me men could fuck each other, I was not surprised. It seemed so natural for one of them to have his rammed up the other one's buns. That stranger would want to be screwed by a hunk like Hank did not surprise me either. As a matter of fact, I would have given

anything to be in his shoes right then. My own fingers had been up my butt enough times to know how good that felt. A hot, thick cock would feel a hundred times better.

I unbuttoned my fly and fished inside, pulling my hard rod out into the air. Slowly, my eyes on the screwing men, I frigged it, running my hand down the full nine inches of shaft and back again, my other hand massaging my low hanging gonads. I gazed at Hank's muscular ass, looking just as tight and tempting as I thought it would. It bunched and slackened, as the boy shoved his long pole in and out of the the tall stranger's ass crack. What if I sneaked out of hiding and shoved my cock up into Hank while he screwed the man? Would he even notice?

The sweat glistened on his broad back, and the moaning in his throat grew deeper and more animal like. The stranger bucked back, pushing his ass out to meet every onslaught. His groans, a tone higher than Hank's, filled the air.

Between the two of them, they sounded like a pair of mating elk.

The tall man dug his fingers into the bark of the tree and screamed. Instantly, white liquid splattered onto the dark trunk. I knew what that was. The amazing thing was that he had come without ever touching his prick. At the sight of his spunk oozing down the side of the tree I pumped harder, pinching and twisting my big ball sac and bending my knees, working myself into the final lather.

Now, it was Hank's turn. His whole body went stiff, and he threw his back, splattering sweat all over the grass. "YEEEEEEEEEOOOOOW!" he howled, "I'M CUMMMMMMMMMMING!" The words faded into helpless chokes and mumbles, as the big blond whitewashed the tall man's guts.

Just when Hank came, so did I. My head spun as I jetted streamers of steaming spunk into the long grass. My only regret was that I was not emptying into the tightness of Hank's asshole.

Right then, nearly passing out from coming so hard, I made up my mind. I was going to have Hank Price if it was the last thing I ever did. Now, all I had to do was figure out a way to do it.

Hank hardly noticed me. I had just turned sixteen and only a few months ago started developing into a man. Oh, I have been a man, technically speaking, since I was twelve. What I mean is that I now have a few hairs on my chest, the start of a mustache, and a cock that's nothing to be ashamed of. The last time I measured it hard, the slab stretched to nine inches, and I have a nice pubic bush to top it off. I have the equipment that guys like Hank seem to like. Now, the only problem was to make him see I existed.

The two men parted. I saw Hank's prick glistening wetly in the late sun and wished I could taste the combination of gism and ass juice that coated it. The salesman pulled his pants up and buttoned his shirt. Hank stuffed his dong into his coveralls and zipped them up. The two of them walked toward me, the

tall man's hand on Hank's shoulder. I crouched down in the grass, making sure they did not discover me.

"Yes, I get through here every week. I hope you'll let me see you again," said the stranger.

"No reason why not. I'm willing," Hank answered.

I caught myself wondering whether or not I could make connections with the salesman. If I could not have Hank, he would do anything. But something told me I could have Hank if I played my cards right.

When I heard the Buick drive away, I came out of the woods, retrieved my bike, and rode back to town. Mother bitched at me for picking at my dinner, but I hardly heard her. My mind was occupied with what I had seen in the clearing. Men could screw each other. I knew that for sure now. What else were they capable of? They could jack each other off, of course. But what else? I burned to find out. More than that, I wanted to experience all of it for myself.

My first chance came sooner than I thought.

After supper, I rode out toward the highway. As I rounded a turn, I saw a big car. Unless I was mistaken, it was the salesman's Buick. It was barreling down the road toward me. I pulled off to the side, and it sped past. I caught a look at the driver's face. It was the dark stranger. Following the car down the road with my eyes, I saw the brake lights flash on. He was slowing down. Then, he turned off, backed up, and started back down the road toward me. My heart stopped and hung like a lump in my throat. Perhaps he had forgotten something at the restaurant where he had dinner and was going back for it. Perhaps he just decided to take a drive. Perhaps, just possibly, he was driving back to get a better look at me.

The Buick slowed down as it came up to me. I pretended to fiddle with my bicycle, trying to ignore the man's stare. At the same time, I made sure I bent over to inspect the pedal to give him a good look at my butt.

He drove on, I mounted my bike and started on down the highway. In moments, I heard a car behind me. It would not do to look around. I just pedaled on. The car pulled up beside me, and the man lowered the power window. "Hey," he said, "Are you all right?"

"Sure," I said, trying to look surprised, "Why?"

"I saw you looking over your machine back there a little way. Thought maybe something was wrong with it. Figured you might need some help."

"Nope," I said. "It's just fine." As soon as I said it, I realized what a fool I was. The man had given me the perfect opportunity, and I muffed it.

"There's nothing I can do for you, then?" He asked, sounding disappointed, but giving me my second chance.

"As a matter of fact, I am a little bit tired. I've been riding a long way."

"How about a lift into the center of town?"

"Sure, I guess so. But what'll we do with the bike?"

"It'll fit in my trunk. Here, let me show you." He jumped out of the car and opened the cavernous trunk. There was room for two bicycles or a single bed. I wished the latter were there. The man lifted my bike into the trunk and slammed it shut. "There," he said, smiling at me, "All safe and sound. Come on, let's go."

I climbed into the passenger seat, the leather upholstery feeling good against my bare legs. As I always did when I cycled, I was wearing white Levi cutoffs, leaving my long legs free to feel the air.

We started toward town, the salesman making small talk which seemed to lead no place. We talked about the weather, the countryside, the town. I was getting impatient. The ride was a short one, and I had to move fast, or I'd be standing in the street without ever having a chance at the tall stranger.

Turning to face him, I pulled my knee up onto the seat, opening my crotch to the man's view. Just as I hoped, he

glanced down at the dark cave that formed where my pants leg stopped. I shifted slightly, making the space a bit wider. "Whew, it sure has been hot lately," I said, running my hand up the length of my inner thigh.

"Yeah, it sure has," the man said, stuttering, fighting to keep one eye on the road and one on my crotch.

"Almost too hot to wear clothes," I said. "I'm lucky to have these cutoffs." I gave my short pants leg a tug, as if to draw the man's attention to it.

"Yeah, you are at that," he said. His forehead glistened with sweat now. I clearly had him confused. He could tell by looking at me that I was underage, but my actions were making him suspect that I was not as naive as I looked.

"Mom thought I cut them off too short. I don't think so, though. What do you think?"

The man swallowed hard. "I think they're fine, just fine."

"I like to have the breeze on me, especially when I'm riding. That's why I don't ever wear underwear."

There was a silence, in which I heard the stranger catch his breath. I could see a twitch in his crotch. My talk was getting to him. I wanted to reach out and pinch the tube of flesh that tented his pants leg. As it was, my eyes were glued to it, and just looking at the thing was having its effect on me. My cock was beginning to expand, creeping down my inner thigh in tingling excitement. Before I could do anything to stop it, it nosed its way out through the gap between my cutoffs and my leg. The salesman gave a low whistle.

"You got a problem, Kid?" he asked, his voice low.

"I guess you could say I do," I answered, shooting him a big grin.

"I'll help you solve it if you like."

"That'd be real nice of you," I whispered, pushing my knee against his leg. He reached down and looped his thumb and forefinger around the exposed

head of my prick. Jolts of excitement spread through me, spinning up from the tip of my dong to the roots of my hair. The man kept his fingers there, hugging the cock tip, and rubbing against the nerve studded coronal flange.

My breath was getting short. I was more excited than I have ever been in my life. So this was what it felt like. This was how it was when a man touched you. I almost passed out with excitement. If I did not watch it, I would be shooting in a second.

"You got a nice big one, Kid, real nice. How old are you anyway?"

"Sixteen," I answered, my voice tight.

The man took his hand away. I pushed my knee against him, wondering what had gone wrong. This certainly did not seem like the same stud I saw getting fucked in the woods.

"Well, Kid," the man said, both hands firmly on the wheel, "I'm sure glad I could help you out. Be careful when you go riding from now on. You mustn't let

yourself get too tired out. Never can tell what kind of maniac'll try to pick you up." Without another word, he jumped out of the car, opened the trunk, and lifted out my bicycle.

I sat there on the leather seat, trying to figure out where I had goofed. The man had been touching my prick, actually holding the tip of my rod between his fingers, and now he was moving as fast as possible to get rid of me.

"Come on," he said, jerking open the car door, "We're as far as I'm going to take you."

"But I'm in no hurry," I stammered. "Maybe we could ride around a little, look at the sights."

"No, sorry, Kid. I got a long day tomorrow. See you around."

He drove off, leaving me holding my bike and staring after him. I rode down the street, heading for home. As I passed the drive-in, I saw that the salesman had stopped there. He was drinking a coke and talking to Harvey Peterson, the

carhop. Harvey's a good looking guy, not as handsome as Hank Price, but still not bad. His long brown hair is parted in the middle to cascade to his shoulders. Harvey was a basketball star, and has the long lanky build of a winner. I watched as he talked to the stranger, his pants pulled tight across his trim ass as he leaned over the car.

Quietly, I moved within earshot. "In about a half hour," Harvey said. "Suppose I pick you up then. We can go somewhere for a drink."

"I'd like to, but I'm only eighteen."

"Oh, that's too bad. Tell you what. I got a bottle in my room over at the motel. We can go there, if you like. That is, unless you object to drinking."

"Hell, no," Harvey answered, grinning broadly. "I love it. Makes me real crazy sometimes. See you in a half hour."

As he stood up to let the Buick drive away, I could see the harden tenting out his white uniform pants.

Naturally, a half hour later, I was waiting behind the drive-in. Harvey Peterson came running out when the Buick pulled into the lot. He had changed out of his uniform and now wore a pair of the tightest jeans I had ever seen and a form fitting white tee shirt. "Hi!" he yelled and jumped into the car. The car pulled out of the drive-in. It was just a matter of watching which way it turned. There were only two motels, and they were in opposite directions from the drive-in.

The car turned right. That meant he was at the Highwayman. I pedaled to the motel as fast as I could, not wanting to miss anything. When I reached it, I saw the Buick pulled up before the last unit on the left. Parking my bike, I looked around to be sure no one watching me and then sneaked around the back. The windows of the motel rooms were high, because the building was sunk into a steep hill side. Even though the windows were six feet off the floor inside, they were at ground level outside. I crept up close to the half open sash and peeked in. Harvey sat in an upholstered chair, his

legs crossed. He was speaking to someone out of my line of vision.

"Sure nice of you to invite me in for a drink," Harvey said.

"Glad for the company. It gets lonesome on the road. Nobody to talk to but a few hitch hikers." He brought a glass of amber liquid over and handed it to Harvey. "Here. It's scotch. I hope that's okay."

"Sure. Thanks. You know, it's a real drag not being able to drink legally until you're twenty-one. I wish they'd change it."

"Me too," said the stranger, sitting down on the arm of Harvey's chair. "I like talking to young guys, and now I never get to meet them in bars."

"Yeah, I know," Harvey said, taking a drink. "Don't be shy about drinking that," the man said. "I got plenty. You can have as much as you like."

"Well, I don't want to get drunk," Harvey said, giggling. "I'd never be able to walk home."

"No problem. You can stay here if you like, I got plenty of room. It's a double bed. You got somebody waiting up for you?"

"Just my parents, and they don't do it anymore, wait up, I mean." Harvey's voice was already slurred. That seemed strange after only one drink. Even I could drink more than that and not show it.

The salesman took Harvey's glass and refilled it. "So you're a man of the world, staying out as late as you like, hey?"

I knew just how much of a man of the world Harvey was. After all, he and his family lived next door and had for years. The fact was his parents watched him like a hawk. If he stayed overnight with the salesman, he would have some explaining to do.

As he reached for the glass, I saw Harvey's fingers close over the stranger's for a long moment. Then, he took the glass and raised it, the light glinting off the yellow scotch. "Here's to you," he said.

"And to you," the man answered. They touched glasses, and their fingers brushed again. The salesman settled again on the arm of Harvey's chair, and they chatted while draining their second drinks.

When the man went for the next refill, Harvey slumped down in the seat, stretching his legs far out in front of him. His crotch made an inviting mound in the front of his tight, faded Levi's.

"You got nice long legs," the salesman said, handing the boy his third scotch. "You play basketball?"

"Yeah, some," Harvey answered, his voice low and relaxed. He stared into the amber liquid as if studying each molecule.

"That explains your good build. I noticed it right away. You can always tell when a guy's an athlete, really cares about his body." He stared at the big bulge in the light blue jeans. Harvey reached down and scratched it, just the way I had seen Hank Price do when he was talking to the stranger.

"Got an itch?" the man asked playfully.

"It's just a little warm in here, that's all."

"Sorry it's not air conditioned. I'm warm too. You don't mind if I relax and get comfortable, do you?" he asked, standing up.

"Of course not. It's your room."

The salesman loosened his tie and pulled it off. Then he unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off to reveal a broad, hair strewn chest. He hung the shirt and tie over a chair back and kicked his feet out of the black loafers he wore. My eyes were glued to his thoroughly male body with its well defined muscles and firm pectoral blocks, which stood out as if sculpted from marble. They were crowned by rosy nipples the size of fifty cent pieces. Black hair spiraled around them and met in a heavy bush that ran down the center of the chest and washboard belly to disappear at the beltline, A glance at Harvey told me he was as interested in the man's body as I

was. He was so attentive, he even forgot to drink.

Without another word, the salesman unbuckled his belt and undid the snap at the top of his slacks. He unzipped the fly, acting as if he stripped before other men every day. Casually, he stepped out of the pants and stood before Harvey, stark naked except for his long black socks. The boy's mouth fell open in disbelief.

"I hate clothes, don't you?" the man said. "I'm most comfortable when I'm in the nude. You should try it." He smiled at Harvey as he bent to peel down his socks and throw them under the chair. Then he walked over and picked up his drink again, acting as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The stranger sat down on the bed directly across from Harvey's chair. From where I was hiding, I could get a good view of his prick, much better than I had had in the afternoon. It was breathtaking. Hanging straight down from his groin, its tapered purplish head lay on the bedspread, pushed out into an arch

by the huge sac of gonads beneath it. The wrinkled and brutally veined beauty was crowned by a lush, coal black pubic bush. I wanted to run my fingers through it and then smell them, picking up the odor of dried urine and man sweat. The man looked as though he could do a lot more than open his ass to a young prick.

The man sat facing Harvey, his legs spread wide. The boy could not take his eyes off the man's penis. As he watched it, it began to stir, seemingly with a mind of its own.

"Say, why don't you make yourself comfortable too?" the man asked.

"No, I don't think so," Harvey said, not sounding at all sure he meant it.

The man stood up. "Let me fill your glass," he said. Coming over to the chair, he reached for the glass, his prick only inches from Harvey's face. Half hard now, it arched temptingly before him, a jewel of clear liquid hanging from its tip. He turned and went to fill the glass, while Harvey looked wistfully after him.

"You look like you could stand to relax," the man said as he handed Harvey the scotch. "You seem awful tense for a guy your age." Reaching down, he rubbed the back of the boy's neck. "If you'll let me, I know how to relax at least part of you." Now, both hands massaged the nape of Harvey's neck. His dong was on the rise. The closeness of the naked stranger was having its effect. I was sure he could smell the musky odor of the man's hard prick. It was inches from him. All he had to do was reach out and touch it.

My own prick was hard as a poker. I reached down and stroked it through the thin fabric of my jeans, catching my breath as the tremors of excitement ran through me. If I were sitting in Harvey's place right now, with a handsome, naked stud rubbing the back of my neck, I knew what I would do. As for Harvey, he just sat there, his eyes half closed and his prick forming a mound in his pants leg.

The man slid one hand down the boy's heaving chest to rest over one of the nipples barely hidden by the tight shirt. Moving his fingers slowly, he brought it to

erection, making it stand up straight as a tiny cock.

"I don't think I should," Harvey stammered, sounding as if he wanted to be convinced otherwise.

I knew better than that, though. Ever since I was a kid, it's been my business to spy on Harvey. Like I said, he and his family live next door, and Harvey's bedroom window is right across from mine. I got to watching him when I was about ten and he was twelve. It was a game at first. Every night when I got into bed, I would lie there with the light out and watch Harvey's window. Most nights, I fell asleep before he went to bed. I could see him studying or reading or listening to the radio while he worked on one of the models he builds all the time.

Even at ten, I was curious to see other boys' bodies, and I guess that was what I was waiting for, hoping to see Harvey undress for the night. Then, almost as a reward for my persistence, it happened. I had barely crawled into bed and under the sheet, when I saw my neighbor come

into his room. He closed the door behind him and immediately unbuttoned his shirt. Here it was, what I had waited for. I crept out of bed and knelt by the window, wanting to see as much as I could.

Harvey had a good build for a twelve year old. His chest was starting to fill out and take on the contours he would have as a man. The skin was smooth, like marble. My fingers twitched at the thought of touching it. He turned away and hung his shirt on the door knob. His back was as beautiful as his chest. Uniformly brown, it showed the effects of all the summer sun he had been getting. The spinal indentation was very pronounced, and the muscles flared out on either side, the result of a lot of dedicated swimming.

He kicked off his loafers and bent to remove his socks. Even at ten, I was excited by fabric stretched tightly over a boy's ass. Harvey's was small and compact, nicely rounded with a crack that was defined even inside the jeans he wore.

Now, he stood, his back still to the window, and unbuckled his belt. I held my breath. This was the part I was waiting for. He unzipped his pants and let them fall, standing before me in his white little boy briefs. As I watched, he bent over again, this time to pick up his pants. My heart skipped. He hung the pants over a chair and turned to face the window. Now there was only a thin piece of cotton between me and what I was dying to see. He hooked his thumbs under the waist band and yanked the briefs down. I gasped out loud. The thing that hung between his legs was completely different from mine. It was long, at least four inches, and thick. Above it was a thatch of dark brown hair, something I did not have at all. Oh, I could tell that the little tool between my legs was sort of the same thing Harvey had, but his was, to my eyes, truly exceptional. Looking back, I don't think it occurred to me that my prick would grow to the size of Harvey's and maybe even surpass it. All I knew then was that he had something I did not, and that I wanted it very much.

He reached down and took the thing in his palm, lifting it and running his hand over it. That was when I saw the sac of nuts hanging underneath. I had a sac too, and my hand touched it as I knelt by the window. The difference was that my sac had hardly anything in it. As a matter of fact, I had often wondered what it was there for. Harvey's was full of something round.

He went over to the dresser and opened the bottom drawer. It took him awhile to fish out what he was looking for, because it was obviously hidden under some clothes or other junk. Finally, he pulled it out. It was a magazine. He moved over to the bed, his hand still massaging his hard prick. Lying down, facing me, he put the magazine on the bed in front of him. As he turned the pages, he frigged his cock harder and harder. I was dying to know what he was looking at. At last, I got my wish. He shifted position, sitting up on the bed and lifting the magazine so that the cover faced me. Open Beaver, it said. It was a girlie magazine, the kind old Mr. Hooper

keeps under the counter down at the drug store.

Before I could even wonder where Harvey had gotten it, he threw it aside. Eyes closed and head thrown back, he came, spouting hot, white fluid all over the bedspread. I had no idea what was happening. Maybe he had hurt himself. It looked like his prick was bleeding, but the gushing blood was white as snow. Something was wrong, I was sure of that. His twisted face told me he was in acute pain.

In the months to come, I was to realize that what Harvey did was not horrible, it was natural. I watched him jack off night after night, and very soon I was imitating him with my pitiful little prick. After awhile, it was not pitiful anymore, and I knew that the difference between our size was one of years. Without even knowing it, Harvey was preparing me for manhood. I had watched him jacking off now for six years, and he had always done it while looking at a girlie magazine. That was how I knew the stranger was going to get nowhere with him, even with

his inflated prick arching only inches from Harvey's mouth.

# CHAPTER TWO

I was wrong. As the man brought his other hand down to cover Harvey's free nipple, the boy sat up. Now, I thought, he's going to deck the guy. He'll spill him all over the floor.

Harvey raised his arms, stretching them wide. "Wow," he said, "I do feel more relaxed. You're a genius." The man continued to rub his nipples, his mouth now nuzzling into Harvey's neck.

"Yeah, I know," he mumbled. "That's what everybody tells me. Why don't you lie down on the bed, and I'll relax you even more."

If Harvey fell for that line, he was crazy. He was. Without a word, he got up and walked over to the double bed, looking like someone who was hypnotized. "Lie down on your back," the stranger said.

Like a robot, Harvey did so. He stretched out on the motel room bed, his

hands behind his head. The stranger sat down on the edge of the mattress, depressing the bed enough so that Harvey rolled slightly toward him. The dark, naked man put a hand to the boy's chest and began to pull at his shirt. I could not believe it was happening. Moving in slow motion and grunting his appreciation, the salesman pushed the tee-shirt up to reveal Harvey's bare chest. He ran his hands over it appreciatively.

"Mmmmmmmm, that feels good," Harvey whispered.

"That's nothing compared to how you're gonna feel in a few minutes," the man answered, and I saw again the picture of him hugging the tree while Hank screwed his muscular ass.

He pushed the light shirt off over Harvey's head, and the boy raised his upper body from the bed to allow him to pull it free. As soon as he had done so, the man dived for the tender nipple, covering it with his thick lips and sucking at it, until I thought it would part from the boy's body.

Harvey howled with excitement. At once, the stranger's hand shot down to cover his bulging crotch. The howls turned to whimpering. Quickly, the dark man unbuckled the tall boy's belt and unzipped his fly. His hand reached inside. I knew he would find bare skin. Harvey had stopped wearing underpants two years ago, and I knew that from watching him through the window.

Harvey lifted his buttocks, inviting the man to remove his pants. First, though, the salesman moved down to pull off his loafers and socks. This done, he lifted one bare foot to his mouth and kissed the toes, one by one. Harvey gurgled with pleasure. Sucking, the man took the big toe into his mouth and bathed it carefully with his tongue.

"Oh, shit, you're eating my feet! Christ, I can't believe it!" The boy writhed about on the bed, sticking his foot up for more attention.

The man ran his tongue in between each pair of toes, bringing renewed squeals from the passion crazed

teenager. While he did it, he ran his hand up Harvey's leg, massaging the inner thighs and preparing the boy for what was to come.

By now, Harvey was so wild, he was ready for anything. Lifting his butt, he pushed his pants down, letting his raging prick flop up to snap against his hard belly. "Oh, Christ," he yelled. "Take me. Suck my cock. I gotta come or I'm gonna die!"

The salesman needed no second invitation. Grabbing Harvey's jeans, he pulled them down, ripping them roughly off the boy's legs and throwing them into a corner. He leaped upon the boy's crotch and swallowed his leaking dong in one gulp. Harvey moaned and cried, his head tossing from one side to the other.

As the man mouthed his gorgeous prick, Harvey arched off the bed, a full blooded, sexual machine. His mouth spouted a stream of obscenities, and I wished I had a tape recorder. It would be fun to play it back to him, if I ever got the chance.

The salesman strummed his own huge cock as he sucked Harvey's. I would have given anything to be blowing him, just the way he was doing Harvey. My hand ran up and down my prick, matching the rhythm of the stranger. Before long, I would be creaming my pants, so I stopped and undid my jeans, pulling them down to my knees so I could continue to work my prick without getting myself all wet.

Louder and louder Harvey cried. His back, ass and legs forming a perfect arch of flesh, as he offered his body to the dark stranger, I looked at the place where their bodies met. The man's mouth was stretched wide, distended by the broad base of the Harvey's prick. The thing was stuffed all the way down into his gullet, and he looked like he was loving every inch of it.

All at once Harvey was coming. "YEEE-EEEAHHHH!" he yelled, and his toes left the bed. The salesman sucked hard, working to catch every drop of creamy spunk, At the same moment, his prick boiled over, streamers of white starch

arched from the purple head of his dong, splattering on the bedspread. I had never seen someone come so much. His face stuffed full of Harvey's spurting prick, all the man could do was groan.

When they were finally drained, the man let Harvey's prick slip from his jaws. "Well," the boy said, "Are you going to drive me home?"

"Yeah, sure," the man answered, already reaching for his trousers. The two of them were dressed in a few minutes, and they left the room.

As I rode my bike home, I thought about it. Twice today I had seen the dark salesman in action, first, getting fucked by Hank Price and, now, blowing Harvey Peterson, my next door neighbor. And yet, when he had me in his car, all he did was touch my prick and pull away. What was wrong with me, anyway?

That night, before I fell asleep, I lay gazing across at Harvey's window. It was dark. He had reached home before I did and gone to bed. No wonder. He was probably exhausted. My eyes went wide,

trying to penetrate the darkness of his room. He and Hank and a lot of other men were in on something very special, and I vowed I was going to be part of it.

The next morning, I was up at sunrise. Summer vacation is a wonderful thing. Nobody cares what time you get up. Pulling on my cutoffs and a tee shirt, and donning my sneakers, I crept down the stairs. The house was quiet. Even my dad had not yet gotten up to go to work. I poured myself a glass of apple juice, downed it, and took off, being careful not to slam the screen door.

Jumping onto my bike, I rode to the Highwayman Motel, hoping to catch the salesman before he checked out. When I pulled into the lot, I saw that the big Buick was still parked there. I parked my bicycle and pulled myself up to sit on the fender of the Buick. I did not have long to wait. The door of the motel room opened, and the tall salesman walked out, dragging a suitcase. When he saw me, he stopped dead in his tracks. "Hi," I said, grinning at him.

"Hey, Kid, what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you. I want to ask you something."

He drew close to me, his surprise overcome by curiosity. "So, what is it?"

"What's wrong with me?" My voice was bold.

"Wrong? Nothing. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, I know what you did with Hank down at the service station and Harvey from the drive-in."

He looked more shocked than I had ever seen anyone. "How, how do you know that?"

"Never mind. It's not important. What I want to know is what makes them better than me. When you gave me a ride yesterday, you had your hand right on my prick, and then you pulled away, like I had some kind of disease."

"Oh," he said, laughing, "Is that it? There's nothing wrong with you, except you're sixteen. That's jailbait. Come

around in a couple of years, and I'll be more than happy to spend some time with you."

He got into the car. Sticking his head out the window, he said, "You gonna get off that fender now, or do you want me to carry you all the way to Charleston?"

I slid down, and he drove away, giving me a friendly wave. Getting on my bike, I pedaled home. If I were going to get laid, I was going to have to be more aggressive about it. The only trouble was, I wasn't sure how. It didn't work just to walk up to a guy and tell him I wanted to screw. I had tried that with the salesman, and look where it had gotten me. The thing to do was turn them on slowly, sneaking up until it was too late for them to back out. At least, it was worth an experiment.

I pulled into the gas station, just as Hank was coming on duty. "Hi, Hank. How you doin'?"

"Fine, Kid. You're sure out early today," he said over his shoulder, as he cleaned a customer's windshield. I parked my bike

and fiddled around with the front wheel, all the time keeping an eye on Hank. Underneath the coveralls, I could see the outline of the muscular body I saw performing in the woods the day before. Waiting until the car he had been servicing drove away, I made for the men's room. There was not much traffic this early in the morning, and I figured I might have just the time I needed.

Closing the door, I opened the fly of my cutoffs, pulling the zipper down and stretching the track apart until the slide jumped the track. Then I opened the door again and stuck my head out. "Hank," I yelled. "Can you help me?"

Hank rounded the corner of the building and came into the restroom. "What is it, Kid? I ain't got all day, you know."

Pointing helplessly to my gaping pants, I said, almost in tears, "Look! I popped my zipper. I don't know what I did wrong. It just broke, that's all."

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Can't you help me fix it, please. I'll never be able to go home like this, especially riding my bicycle." I was sobbing now, acting like a little kid who had lost his lollypop. Holding my zipper together with quivering fingers, I presented a picture of the true boy in distress.

"Okay, let me see it," Hank said with a sigh, as he knelt down in front of me. He grabbed hold of the fabric and tried to see what kept the zipper from working. "You're going to have to let go," he said. "I can't do a, thing with your holding it shut like that."

I released my grip and let the fly fall open. Hank gave a little gasp as my already lush pubic bush came into view. He opened the gap wider, examining the bottom of the track, and the thick base of my prick was in sight. I couldn't tell from where I stood whether he was studying my zipper or my cock. The aroma of male crotch floated upward, and I was sure the blond stud could not miss it. My smell should tell I was no longer a kid.

As he worked with the slide, pulling at the tight fabric, the cloth chafed across the tip of my prick. Little by little, it began to harden. Hank did not seem to notice. He just kept working. I arched back slightly, pushing my crotch closer to his face. "Hold still," he ordered.

"Sorry," I answered. "It's a little uncomfortable with your pulling up like that." As soon as I said it, I realized it might be the wrong thing to do. All Hank had to say to get out of the situation was that I should take my pants off. That way, he could work on the zipper and never touch my crotch, and I did not want that, not at all.

"Didn't mean to hurt you," Hank said, I waited for the rest. It did not come. So far, everything was going according to plan. Hank's blunt fingers rubbed my cock through the thin fabric of my shorts, as he concentrated on getting the zipper back on the track. I was responding quickly now, and soon my prick was crawling down my inner thigh, stretching toward the bottom edge of my leg opening. My breathing grew heavier, and

the room was filled with the funky scent of my aroused crotch.

Hank's fingers probing my rod as he worked left a trail of flames on my flesh. This was like nothing I had ever felt. The salesman's squeezing my prick tip was nothing compared to this. From now on, I decided, I was going to put myself in situations like this one every chance I got.

My shiny purple knob nosed its way out through the space between the let opening of my shorts and my downy thigh, just the way it had done when I was in the salesman's car. Now there was no way Hank could miss the fact that I was getting excited. He sat back on his heels, his eyes on my rosy helmet.

"Hey," he said, "You got quite a size, for a kid."

"I'm no kid," I answered, resenting his refusal to acknowledge my manhood.

"No, I guess you're not." His hand took on a life of its own and moved forward in slow motion. I looked down at it, holding

my breath and begging for the moment when our flesh would touch. My eyes closed, and I waited, my ears ringing in the silence of the little room.

The tip of one finger touched my knob. "Hmmmm, that's hot." Hank whispered. The finger did not move. If I had been hot before, I was boiling over now. I stood before him, swaying from front to back, hardly able to believe I was getting my wish.

"You like that?" Hank mumbled.

"Yeah," I answered, licking my dry lips. "It feels real good."

His hands caught at my hips and pushed the cutoffs down to my ankles. My hard prick snapped up to slap my belly and then stood straight out before me. Hank wrapped his big fist around it, and I was afraid I would come before he went further.

"Anyone ever do this to you before?" he asked, his hands moving the taut skin back and forth.

"No, not really."

"You do it by yourself don't you?"

"Yeah sometimes." I could hardly answer, my body shaking so.

"Feels a lot better when somebody else does it, don't it?" he asked, his fist squeezing tighter.

"It feels just great, like nothing I ever knew before. Wild, like Christmas and the Fourth of July, all at once."

Hank chuckled, and his hand kept moving. At the same time, he ran his other one up between my inner thighs barely brushing the tight nerve endings. I moaned.

"Christ, but you're a hot little number," he said, his voice tight.

"No hotter than you, if what I saw in the woods yesterday is an example."

Hank pulled his hand away. "What do you mean?"

"Screwing that guy, you mean?"

"Yeah. I hope you don't mind."

He thought a minute. "Naw, I guess not. The clearing's a place anybody's free to go." Pausing, he laughed. "Matter of fact, I wish I… I known you were watching us. It's sexier when you got somebody watching you."

"Then you're not mad?" I asked.

"Hell, no. If I'm mad about anything it's that you and I didn't get together a long time ago." His hand cupped my balls, running new shivers through me.

"I been here every day, just waitin' for you to notice me."

"Well, I finally have, and you're not gettin' away."

Nothing could have been further from my mind. All I wished now was that the hunky blond would stop talking and get back to playing with my raging prick. Then, before I knew what was happening, he bent, mouth open, and encased my velvet knob, just the way I had seen the salesman do to Harvey, Throwing my head back, I moaned loudly, the wet heat of Hank's mouth

moving to cover the whole length of my steel shaft. My knees sagged, as new feelings shot through my body. Never had I dreamed I could feel like this. Hank was right. Sex with my hand was not like this.

"Hank, oh Christ, you're gonna make me come," I moaned, grasping the blond boy's shoulders for support. His long tongue wrapped around my pole and licked its way into my soul. Then, slowly, he let the stalk slip from his lips. The cold air hit my wet prick, and I started whimpering helplessly, afraid Hank was pulling away from me, just the way the dark stranger had done. But then, magically, he dived onto me again, taking even more of my meat into his throat. The tip hit the back of his mouth, and he swallowed, pulling me deep into his snug gullet. My groans grew into animal sounds, surprising even me.

Suddenly, I was afraid I would choke Hank to death. I braced my hands on his shoulders and tried to pull away. As soon as I did that, the big blond grabbed my bare buttocks with both hands and prevented me. His blunt fingers kneaded

my ass flesh roughly, turning me on even more than before.

Totally out of control, I fucked Hank's face, driving my pulsating rammer deeper and deeper into his throat. He took it all, his tight muscles squeezing my flaming prick, until I thought my heart would blow apart from pounding.

Hank's fingers stretched my ass cheeks apart, and the air hit my anal knot. He moved in, brushing his fingertips over the convoluted flesh. The cum boiled in my throbbing balls, and then started its lightning journey up my swollen urethra.

"YYYYEEE BEEEEEAA AAAAA!" I yelled. "I'M CUMMMMM MMMMING!" My head swirled, as I tried to warn Hank to pull his mouth away.

He did not move. Instead, he sucked harder than before, swallowing every drop of my slimy load. I was so shocked, I almost forgot I was creaming. Still, the feeling was so great, I was soon moaning and groaning again, crying as the last drops were drained out of my hot young body.

I fell back against the concrete wall and looked down at Hank through slitted eyes. "You swallowed it, Man. I can't believe that."

The blond wiped the last smears of cum off his full lips. "Shit, Dude, I always do. It tastes great, better than anything. Didn't you ever lick your fingers after you jack off?"

I shook my head no.

"Jesus, I didn't think there was a guy alive who hadn't tasted at least his own cum."

A horn sounded. Hank made a dash for the door. "Got a customer, Stud. Next time, maybe I'll let you taste my cum. Sorry I couldn't fix your pants." He was gone.

I pulled my cutoffs together as best I could, and made my way out of the washroom. Hank was leaning over talking to his customer. His trim ass turned me on, even though I had just thrown my load. He looked up. "Hey," he yelled. "Come over here."

I stood, holding my cutoff's together, not wanting to expose myself to anybody. "It's okay," Hank shouted. "I got some help for you."

Wondering what he meant, I walked slowly to where he stood. Inside the car, a familiar face smiled out at me. It was Mr. Brownell, the manager of the local supermarket. I never had liked him. He was always yelling at kids, accusing them of messing up his shelves, even if they were nowhere near the mess.

"I told Mr. Brownell about your problem. He offered to drive you home. I'll keep an eye on your bike, and you can come back for it when you get your shorts fixed."

There was nothing I could say. The arrangements were all made. I climbed in on the passenger side, and Brownell started the car. As we drove out of the lot, he said, "How'd you break your zipper, Kid?" His voice was wheezy and unpleasant, and I did not like the way he was eying my crotch.

"Just pulled it down too far, I guess," I answered.

"Too bad Hank couldn't fix it for you. I bet he had fun tryin', though, huh?" He snorted with laughter.

I ignored the remark, deciding it was best right now to play dumb and hope we would be home soon. But then Brownell turned away from the direction of my house. "Hey," I said, "I live that way."

"I know, Kid, but I thought we'd just take a little detour through the park. It's pretty this time of year." He grinned at me with yellowed teeth.

"I really should be getting home," I said, giving Brownell a sidelong glance.

"Your mother won't worry, not when she sees you pull up in my car. After all, I'm considered an outstanding citizen hereabouts. Won the JayCee award last summer." He turned the big sedan into the park.

We drove along the winding dirt road, and I wondered how I was ever going to get out of this one. Sure enough, we had

not gone very far, before Brownell stopped the car. "Here," he said, reaching for my crotch, "Let me see if I can't fix that for you."

Before I could stop him, his beefy hand was kneading my groin. Once he had me, he made no effort even to pretend he was working on the zipper. He just squeezed and pushed at my bulge. It hurt. I made a grab for the door handle, but Brownell grasped my wrist. "Uh, uh! You're not going anywhere, not until I'm through with you."

"Let go of me!" I yelled.

At that, the man hauled off and slapped me across the face. My skin stung, and I knew that before long, I would be carrying a red welt on my cheek. Sitting back, I rubbed my face.

"That's better," Brownell growled. "Now just shut up, and we'll get along fine." His hand started in my crotch again. This time, he reached inside my gaping fly, pinching my tender prick between his blunt fingers. "Hmmmm," he mumbled, "You got a big one, for a kid."

"I'm no kid," I shot back, still wishing for a way out of this.

"I'll say you aren't! Shit, your nuts are as big as a bull's." He grabbed my bag and squeezed, shooting pain through my groin and making me bite my lip to keep from crying out. Despite my dislike for Brownell, the effect of his hand on my prick and balls was immediate. Much as I hated it to happen, my meat was hardening. The man kneaded my equipment roughly and grunted with excitement as he felt my erection happen.

"Let's get these pants off you," he said as he pulled at the waistband of my shorts. "I want to see what you look like where it counts."

When I grabbed his hand to prevent him, Brownell pushed it roughly aside. Before I could stop him, he had the front of my pants pulled down far enough so that my prick flopped out into the air. The car was suddenly filled with the scent of my arousal. "Shit, you smell the way a

man ought to. There's nothin' like the stench of a guy's crotch."

He wrapped his fist around my inflated staff and frigged the thin skin up and down. A drop of crystal fluid oozed from my long piss slit and drooled down to the base of my knob. Brownell caught it on his fingertip and wiped it around the sensitive tip, making me shudder with passion.

"Lift your ass, man. I want these cutoffs out of the way."

Past the point of logical thought, I raised my buttocks off the leather seat, and the portly man yanked my shorts down to my ankles. Then, he buried his hand under my balls and squeezed them again. "Shit, ain't that a pretty sight? Christ, you got great balls, real horse turds." He continued kneading my sac, as his other hand jacked up and down the length of my shaft. Brownell was clumsy, and as I slouched in the seat of his car, the cool leather kissing my ass, all I could think of was how gentle and expert the dark salesman had been with Harvey. He

and Brownell had to be about the same age, and, yet, what a difference there was. I closed my eyes, trying to imagine the hands caressing my dong and balls belonged to the stranger. It did no good. Brownell was just too rough.

"Shut up and concentrate on cumin'. As soon as you do, I got plans for how you're goin' to get me off."

"Get you off? What do you mean?"

Brownell laughed, his voice harsh. "You didn't think I brought you here just to service you, did you? I got something coming out of this deal too, you know."

"To hell with that," I yelled, pushing his hands away. "I'm not touching you! There's no way in hell you can make me do that."

The big man punched me in the stomach. I doubled up, choking and crying, afraid I was going to either black out or throw up. Nothing had ever hurt so badly. The thought of having to take care of him sexually was enough to make me vomit, even without the pain in my

stomach. What if he made me do what Hank had done, suck his cock? I wondered how I would ever find it under his sloppy pot belly. Somehow, I had to get away.

"Hey," Brownell brayed, "You're soft as a noodle. We can't have that. It turns me on to see you hard." He stroked my prick, chafing the sensitive skin.

Little by little, I began to grow, my prick pumping full of blood to become as large as it had been before. Stretching out my legs, I decided the only thing to do was make the best of it. I closed my eyes again, trying to picture the handsome salesman.

All at once, Brownell let go of my cock. I opened my eyes to see him leaning down to retrieve my cutoffs. "Here, get these up. We got company. What the hell's that sonofabitch doing here?"

As I pulled my shorts on, I looked up to see a lone figure jogging down the road towards us. It was Harvey Peterson. Dressed in running shorts, a tank top,

and sneakers, he was the best sight I had ever seen.

Pulling up even with the car, Harvey recognized Mr. Brownell and me. "Having some trouble?" he asked.

"No, no, nothing like that," Brownell replied, sounding much too jovial. "Just stopped for a minute to help my friend here. He's got a broken zipper. I'm taking him home."

"Maybe I can save you a trip. My car's up the road a little way. I came here for my workout, but I'm going right home, and I live next door to Bobby. I'll take him home."

Before Brownell could protest, I said, "Gee, Harvey, that'd be great. Thanks a lot." I grabbed the door handle and was out of the car. Holding up my pants, I took off in the direction of Harvey's car, not even looking back at the supermarket manager. Behind me, I heard the engine rev, and Brownell's car shot by me and out of sight.

Harvey jogged up beside me. “He sure took off fast. Was he mad about something?”

“I don’t know,” I answered, not looking at the tall youth.

“What happened to your cutoffs, anyway?”

“I broke the zipper, down at the gas station,” I said, staring down at the road as I walked.

“How’d you do that?”

“I just did, that’s all. It doesn’t matter how.”

“You kids are all alike, can’t take care of anything.”

I whirled on him. “I’m not a kid, and I can take care of myself. You got some nerve, lecturing me. You’re only two years older than I am.”

“You’re right, Bobby. I was out of line. I’ve known you so long, watched you growing up, that I still think of you as a baby, I guess.”

"You and everybody else around here!" I said, opening the door of Harvey's old Chevy.

He climbed in behind the wheel and started the engine. "What were you doing out here with Brownell?"

"Hank Price talked him into driving me home after I broke my zipper, that's all. Why?"

"Nothing. Just wondering. Watch out for Brownell, he's been known to try stuff."

"What kind of stuff?" I asked pretending to be dumb.

"Never mind. Just stay clear of him, if you know what's good for you."

"There you go again, acting like my father. I don't need it. I can take care of myself."

Harvey looked over at me and smiled. "Yeah, I suppose you can at that."

# CHAPTER THREE

That night, I waited in my darkened bedroom for Harvey to turn in for the evening. I knew he was home, because I saw his car in the driveway when I came back from retrieving my bicycle from the gas station.

Tonight, I was not just waiting to see him undress, I wanted a chance to apologize. I had been so angry at him for lecturing me, that I jumped out of the car as soon as we got home and never thanked him for the ride, let alone for rescuing me from the grocer. Catching him when he came up to his room seemed the best way to talk to him in private, even if it did mean blowing the cover I had maintained for years.

My window was wide open, and the summer breeze played through my hair. There was a glow of light, letting me see into the bedroom across the way. I spotted a figure in the doorway. Harvey closed the door behind him and turned

on the light. He peeled his tee shirt over his head, treating me to the sight of his hairy chest. When he said earlier in the day that he had watched me growing up, he had no idea that I had done literally the same thing. I saw the first evidence of fuzz on his chest, watched him examine it carefully every night in the mirror, thrilled as it blossomed gradually into a full, sexy black mat. He walked over and threw up the sash.

"Harvey," I called. He did not seem to hear. I called again, and this time he paused, came back to the window. "Hi, Kid. You gave me a start. Taking in the night air?"

"Actually, I was waiting to talk to you."

"What about?"

"It's personal. Can I come over there."

"Sure, but it's pretty late. My folks are in bed. I'll have to go down and unlock the door for you."

"No you don't. I'll just come across here." I stepped out of the window and

onto the roof, the shingles scratchy against my bare feet.

"What the hell you doing?" Harvey asked.

"I'm gonna jump across. There's only about two feet between the roofs." Before he could protest, T leaped the small space and stood hanging onto the window casing of Harvey's room.

"Shit! You're something else. It never would cross my mind to do that. Come on in." Something in his tone made me feel my crossing that gap made Harvey see me as less of a kid. He held the curtain aside, and I stepped into his bedroom. "Welcome," he said. "Sit down and tell me what you want to talk about?"

Harvey propped himself up on the bed, his long denim covered legs crossed at the ankles and his hands behind his head. My eyes kept falling to his bare chest, with its large, rose colored nipples and beautifully defined muscles. I remembered how it had heaved with passion as the salesman ate his cock.

"So, what is it?" Harvey asked, grinning at me.

"Well, I guess it's a lot of things. First, I wanted to thank you for the ride today, and then I want to apologize for getting mad at you in the car and not thanking you."

"No problem, Bobby. I was out of line. I got no right to lecture you, even if I have known you for a long time."

"But that's just it, Harvey, you don't. Nobody seems to." I was suddenly choked up, "It seems like every place I go, people act like I'm a kid, and I'm not, not anymore." Tears welled out of my eyes and ran down my cheeks. I wiped them away, feeling like they made a liar out of me.

Harvey got up and came over to sit on the arm of the chair. Putting his arm around my shoulders, he said," Hey, Man, it's okay. I know hour you feel. I used to feel the same way. I knew I was grown up, at least in certain ways, and nobody noticed. It was awful. I know just what

you're going through, believe me." He hugged me closer.

Without thinking about it, I leaned my head on his hard thigh. It felt good to be near him, like having an older brother. Harvey ran his hand gently through my hair, soothing the unease away. After a long moment, I felt ready to speak. "How'd you get people to see you weren't a kid anymore?" I asked, my voice still strained.

There was a long silence in which the hand continued to stroke my head. Then, Harvey said, "Oh, lots of ways, I guess. Going out for basketball helped. People started noticing me then,"

"That won't work for me. I'm not tall enough," I said, resting my cheek against the rough denim.

"There's always track," Harvey said, a hint of humor in his voice. "Another thing you might do is get a part time job. Since I been working at the drive-in, people treat me differently. It's nice having your own money to spend too." He flexed the muscles in his thigh, and the movement

against my face was exciting to me. I lifted my hand and placed it on Harvey's knee beside my cheek.

"There's something else, Harvey," I said, sounding grave.

"Yeah, what?" he asked, flexing again, his hand still petting my dark hair.

"I'm not the same as I used to be, physically, I mean."

The hand stopped moving. "Oh?"

"Yeah, I got hair in places it never was before. That's been coming for quite awhile, four years or so, maybe." I squeezed his knee lightly.

"That's normal. I got a lot of hair on my chest and places like that that I didn't used to have." He brought his free hand to cover the one I had resting on his knee. "Anything else?" His voice was low, almost a whisper.

"Yeah. I'm horny all the time. Sometimes I can hardly stand it."

He chuckled. "I know that feeling too, That's just the way I am."

"And what do you do about it?" I asked, playing my favorite game of pretending to be dumb.

"Same thing you probably do, I guess." His hand pressed down on mine, pushing it against his knee.

"Play with yourself, you mean?" I asked, as if I had never watched him jack off. I let my fingers squeeze his leg, at the same time rubbing my cheek against his thigh.

"That, and other things," he answered, his voice tight.

I held my breath. Could this really be happening? I asked the logical question. "What other things?" At the same time, I moved my hand a little further up his leg.

"Playing too, but with somebody else." His hand was stroking my hair again, and moving down to caress the back of my neck, sending exciting ripples down my spine.

"Is it better with somebody else?" I asked, as if Hank had not sucked my cock to climax just that morning.

"A hundred times better."

"No kidding?" I said, lifting my head to look at him. As soon as I did that, Harvey urged my hand further up his meaty leg, pulling it over into the darkness of his inner thigh. This was exciting, strangely different from my frantic session with Hank and from the terrifying experience in Brownell's car. Here, in the privacy of Harvey's room, everything moved in slow motion. My body tingled with anticipation of what had to be coming. I had to be very careful. The slightest mistake on my part could ruin the whole thing.

"That feels good," I whispered.

"So does this," Harvey said, squeezing my hand with his own. "I like a man's hand on my leg, finding all the places that turn a guy on."

"Is that what I'm doing, turning you on?" I asked, almost hating myself for the act I was putting on.

"You sure as hell are."

"Then how about if we got out of these clothes?" I asked bluntly.

Harvey pulled away from me and stood up. I could see the ridge in his pants leg where the ripe cock lay against his thigh. "I think you better go home," he said, sounding just like the salesman.

Instead of answering, I reached out and stroked the fabric covered prick with my fingers. "Do you really want me to, Harvey?"

There was another silence. Then, "No," he said.

"That's good, 'cause I'm not going." I raised myself until I could reach his belt. He stood quietly, while he unbuckled it and undid the waistband of his Levi's. I found the sipper slide and pulled it down. It was like a dream, with my fingers worshiping the beautiful athletic body, preparing it for the pagan ritual of male love. The pants fell to Harvey's knees, and I stared longingly at the stiff, gently arching prick. Close up, it was even more beautiful than from a distance. It was like seeing something completely new, even though I had been looking at it and

watching it grow for years from my room across the way.

Now, I could see the thick, bluish veins that crisscrossed its surface. Every little fold of skin, every bump and blemish, added to the overall beauty and strength of the huge organ. It reached out to me, its single eye blinking as a clear drop of precum welled up from its depths. Below, hung the bull like balls in their hair studded pouch. Proudly, I realized that even close up, Harvey's nuts were no larger than mine.

I stared at the godlike tool for a long time, so long that Harvey finally broke the silence. He kicked out of his shoes and pushed the jeans off over his feet. "Come over on the bed," he whispered.

Getting up, I unzipped my shorts and pulled my shirt over my head. As my pants fell to the floor, Harvey gave a whistle. "Shit, man, you have grown!"

I glanced down at my jutting rod and smiled. It stood more than eight inches out from my body, only slightly shorter than his. The aroma of it floated up to

me, making me even more eager to share it with Harvey.

As I moved over to the single bed as if in a dream, I watched Harvey lie down and stretch out his long legs. He waited for me, a look of surprised excitement still on his face.

Suddenly, I was unsure of myself. I stopped at the edge of the bed, not sure what to do now. Harvey reached up to me with open arms, and I fell into them. The next thing I knew, his lips were on mine. The fullness of his warm lips thrilled me beyond belief, more than anything I could remember, even Hank's mouth wrapping around my prick. His tongue licked over my lips, pushing its way between them to mop across my straight teeth. I opened my mouth and accepted the tiny oral prick. It tickled the roof of my mouth, and I brought my own tongue up to caress its underside.

My hot body twisted against Harvey's warm, smooth flesh. Our cocks mashed against one another. His hips arched up to push his hard tool into mine, and I

squirmed from side to side to increase the tingling in my rod.

Our tongues swelled frantically, as the passion continued to mount. Then, without warning, Harvey broke the kiss. "You want to learn a couple of things?" he whispered.

"Sure," I answered, breathless.

"Okay, we'll start with what you already know. Sit up and show me how you jack off."

Feeling as I were playing a game, I sat up.

Harvey's hand was at work on his own prick, and I was afraid he would finish before I got a chance at him. "I like your cock," I said shyly.

"What do you like about it? Talk about it. What do you like about my rod?" I watched the big hand move steadily up and down.

"It's so thick, and long, and, I don't know, tough lookin'. Most of all, though, it makes me so fuckin' hot, I feel like

shooting without even touching my prick."

"Don't do that. Keep it goin' for as long as you can. Whenever you feel like you might come, think about something else. Hold off. The more you do, the better it'll be when you do cream. Sometimes I can keep going for hours, and when I blow, it's like I'm going to heaven."

I held very still and watched as Harvey continued to frig his long, hard dong. The sounds of his labored breathing filled my ears and the odor of randy flesh reached my nostrils. Amazingly enough, Harvey's aroma of arousal was exactly as I thought it would be.

Suddenly, I reached out. "Let me touch it, please?" Harvey smiled broadly and took his hand away from the raging dong. Spreading his legs, he watched me as I wrapped trembling fingers around his boiling hot dork. "I can't get my hand around it!" I exclaimed. "Your cock's so big around, I can't make my fingers touch my palm. Wow!"

"Come closer," Harvey whispered to me.

I moved in, my thighs resting on his, and our smooth asses touching. Our pricks were inches apart. Harvey reached out and wrapped his fist around my stalk. The warmth of his hand almost made me shoot. I closed my eyes and thought about a cold pool of water somewhere near the arctic circle.

"Now," Harvey said, "I'll do to yours whatever you do to mine. That way, you'll know just what, you're doing to me feels like. Understand?"

I nodded yes, and began stroking his prick My hand moved naturally over the taut flesh, and Harvey's hand matched my own. His cock swelled even harder under my touch, and mine did the same as he jerked it. Before long, I would be shooting, no matter how I fought to hold off.

Then, Harvey moved up a bit, concentrating his efforts on the head of my tool. Loosening his grip slightly, he buffed back and forth over the sensitive

rim of my glans. I moaned, as more precum drooled from my slit and down over Harvey's fingers.

"God, that feels good, so good," I moaned. "You do this a lot, with other guys, I mean? I mean, all the time or what?" I was so hot by now, that I was no longer making sense.

"Every chance I get," Harvey said, rubbing the wetness over my velvety head.

"Who? Who'd you do it with?" I asked, wondering if he would mention the sexy salesman.

"Lot's of guys. I'll introduce you around if you decide you like this kind of stuff. You'd be surprised at the number of guys who go for it, even in a little burg like this one." His voice was tighter now, as I smeared the precum over his knob, just as he was doing to me.

"What else do you do, with the other men?" My eyes were out of focus, and my breathing was labored. It was all I could do now to keep from squirting.

"All kinds of stuff, Suck their pricks and let them eat mine, fuck them in the ass, all those things. I'll teach you if you want."

"Uhhhhh," I mumbled, no longer able to speak words. Both of us moaned and groaned, as our hands moved faster and faster over each other's pricks. Suddenly, we were both shooting. "Ooooooooooohhhhh!" I moaned, as jets of sperm flew into the air, arching over to splatter on Harvey's chest and belly.

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!" he sighed, and I felt his hot cum whitewash the front of me, some of it flying high enough to land in my hair.

I fell back exhausted. Looking down my body, I saw snowy white cum covering our hard, young bodies. Still, even after the beating Harvey had given it, my cock stood up straight and hard as a rock.

When I awakened the next morning, it was with a smile on my face. I was back in my own bed. Harvey sent me back across the rooftops, saying he had to get up early for work the next day. Before I

left, though, I made him promise he would do as he said, and introduce me to some of the other willing studs in town. I already knew him and Hank, but my nuts told me I was going to require a lot more action than that. Besides, maybe I would eventually get to meet the stranger, my dream salesman, on a completely fresh basis.

About noon, I was out in the driveway, polishing my bike. It was hard work, and I was concentrating on getting the back fender to shine.

"Hi, are you Bobby?"

The interrupting voice caught me completely off guard. I nearly fell on my ass on the concrete.

Standing behind me was a tall bare-topped boy. He grinned at me, showing rows of straight white teeth. His dark hair and piercing blue eyes were set off by a deeply tanned face.

"Yeah," I said, "I'm Bobby. Can I help you."

As I stood, the boy thrust out his big hand. Shaking with me, he held my hand a few seconds more than necessary.

"I'm Joe Apple."

"I know. I've seen you around school."

"Not anymore. I graduated this year. Anyway, I was just talking to Harvey down at the drive-in. He told me I ought to meet you."

As soon as he mentioned Harvey, I began to see what was happening, not that I minded in the least. My eyes drifted down to the top of Joe's tight pants. The waistband button was open, and I could see a tuft of curly black hair sticking out.

"Why don't we sit down over here in the shade, and get better acquainted?" I said, leading Joe Apple over to sit on the grass under the big oak tree.

"That sounds like a real nice idea. From what Harvey told me, I really want to get better acquainted with you. In fact, I'm sorry we haven't gotten together before now."

"No sense in thinking about that. We're together now."

"That's what I like to hear. I got a feeling Harvey was real right about you." He reached over and squeezed my thigh, his grip strong and satisfying.

I glanced hurriedly at the kitchen window, making sure my mother was not standing at the sink watching us. "Come on," I said, getting up and letting him see the hard bulge in my jeans. "Follow me."

We walked around back of the house and across the lawn. I was headed for the old woodshed hidden in the plum brush at the back of our lot. No one had used it for years, except for storing junk. It was filthy inside, but I was sure it would serve our purpose. I unhooked the door and ushered Joe in, letting my hand slide down the length of his heavily muscled back as he passed me. It felt good, warm from the sun and very smooth.

Pulling the door shut behind me, I stood there. Joe was staring at me in the dim light, a curious smile on his face.

"Yes, sir, I am sure glad I came over to meet you," he said, his eyes sliding up and down my body and coming to rest on my burgeoning crotch.

"Me too," I said, leaning back against the door. My hands caught my belt and unbuckled it slowly. One by one, I unbuttoned the crotch buttons, while Joe watched in fascination. I felt powerful, as if I were controlling this big stud through my slow and deliberate actions. Joe Apple was the senior class president, the star of the football team. When I said that I had seen him around school, it had been the understatement of the year. All during the last year, I had not been able to take my eyes off him, and now here he was, and he was staring at me and the widening vee at my groin.

Hooking my thumbs in my pants, I pushed them down, letting my long, raging dong pop into view, Joe caught his breath. For a long moment, he continued staring, then opened his zipper and let his pants fall. His prick was huge, bigger than Harvey's, The head was deep pink and crowned a thick, muscle strained

stalk, which ended in a lush nest of black pubic curls. Below, hung a sac of eggs which swung slowly as I watched it. I licked my lips with excitement.

Kicking my pants off over my bare feet, I moved to him. We touched tentatively, relishing the feel of smooth flesh under our palms. Then, we grabbed, exploring one another frantically. Our lips found each other, and we mashed them together, trading gallons of tangy spit as our bodies rubbed together.

Without even knowing what I was doing, I kissed my way down to Joe's deeply cleft chin. Nipping at it with sharp teeth, I made him moan and shove his crotch more fully into mine. I found his neck, licking my way down along the side of it to his broad shoulder. Next, I made a shining path of spit to his taut nipple. My lips closed over it, catching the tiny knob between them. Joe groaned deep in his throat, and the little tit grew erect under my coaxing. Again, I traveled down, kissing my way over the heaving chest. Finding the deeply indented belly button, I dug my tongue into it, tasting the

musky flavor of tightly enclosed flesh. Joe squirmed as I did that and moaned like a trapped dog. His raging dick rubbed against my chest.

My mouth and tongue worked their way down across the washboard belly, following the crab trail of hair between the navel and the randy smelling pubic bush. Pausing for a second, I dived into it, rubbing my nose into the wire fuzz and giggling as it tickled my nose. The combined scent of boy sweat and dried urine drove me to a new level of passionate awareness. Groaning and grunting, I combed my teeth through the strands of hair, making Joe yelp with pleasure.

I opened my mouth, prepared to eat my first cock, but the big male pulled away from me. "Not yet. I want to suck you while you do me. I gotta have cock, and I gotta have it right now." He fell to his knees on the dirt floor, "How we gonna do this without gettin' filthy?"

Keeping clean was the furthest thing from my mind at the moment. It was

obvious, though, that I was not going to get what I wanted until I solved Joe Apple's problem. The prospect of having the beautiful man blow my cock made me hurry to figure out an answer. My eyes fell on an old tarp over in the corner. It was folded up, and if we spread it out on the floor, the parts that had been enclosed should be fairly clean. At least it would be less dirty than the floor of the woodshed.

"Help me," I said, getting the tarp. We laid it out on the floor, turning it into an arena for champions. "Now, are you ready for some serious cock sucking?"

Joe stretched out on the canvas, looking as inviting as Harvey Peterson had the night before. They were both dark, with almost black hair, but there the similarity ended. Harvey was the perfect example of the lanky basketball star, Joe the picture of the compact, powerful football player. I wondered if any two boys really looked alike. In the next few years, I was going to do my best to find out.

Straddling Joe's head with my knees, I braced myself with my arms and buried my head in his crotch. Digging my face in between his balls and inner thigh, I pulled in the air from between his legs, sensing the spicy odor of his asshole. At the same time, his hands wound around my buttocks, pulling them down and urging my dripping prick toward his mouth.

I flicked out my tongue, swiping it over the hairy skin of his balls. He moaned, and the ball sac moved as if it had a life of its own. Already, the cum must be churning inside, preparing for its journey. I licked again, harder this time. Joe spread his legs, inviting me to further exploration. As I dug into his flesh, I waited for the moment when Joe's lips took the head of my prick. I wondered if it would feel as good as when Hank sucked me off yesterday.

The flavor of ball sweat drove me wild. Opening my mouth wide, I pulled one of the huge gonads into it. At the same second, Joe closed his mouth over the end of my dripping cock. The tongue

whipped over my tip, sending tremors of excitement through my body. It found my piss slit and fucked into it, turning me on from the inside out. I wished Joe's tongue could fit all the way up my shaft, so I could feel him lick clear into my bladder.

Joe's long prick throbbed against my neck. I decided suddenly that the time for me to down my first cock was now. Letting the big, well sucked gonads slip from my mouth, I raised up far enough to feast my eyes on Joe's prick, It lay there on its back, reaching nearly to his navel, pointing like a thick spear. For a second, I wondered how it would feel to have that big club buried deep in my ass, the way I had seen Hank do the salesman. That would have to wait. I was not yet ready. Harvey would have to teach me, and I made up my mind to ask him to do it as soon as possible.

With one hand, I lifted the throbbing prick, Its dark pink head was an inch from my lips. I was about to taste cock meat. Closing my eyes, I opened my mouth wide and went down. The head

slipped between my lips. It was smooth, the smoothest thing I had ever felt. Tentatively, I ran my tongue over it, trying to remembering what Hank had done and wanting to copy what he was doing to me at this very moment. As I ran my tongue tip-around the flaring corona, I knew that in seconds I would be creaming into Joe's gullet. His mouth and throat milked me unmercifully. As I took more and more of his long, heavy stalk into my mouth, I fought to keep from coming. Hold it off, that's what Harvey said. Hold off as long as possible, and it will be all the better.

Then, suddenly, I had a new sensation. It was as if lightning had struck my butt. Joe shoved his blunt, thick finger into my asshole. He did it without warning or preparation. Before I knew what had happened, there it was, wriggling around inside my tube. I groaned as the pain shot through my body. I felt as if a hot poker had been thrust into my hole. My anal muscles clenched around the invader, seeking to push it out, but it was no use. I was on the verge of spitting out

Joe's cock and demanding that he stop, when his finger tip touched my prostate. New passion rippled out of my ass and into my balls. Jabbing the swollen gland, he took me to new heights. Every nerve ending in my prick screamed out. I was coming. Without warning and completely, I vomited out a gallon of hot spunk into the football player's throat. He kept poking at my secret gland until I was drained and sobbing for relief.

Now, it was his turn. His prick swelled suddenly larger in my jaws, and I knew I was about to taste another man's cum. It shot into my mouth, and, fighting to keep from gagging, I swallowed it. More and more jerked out of the gaping slit, and I was afraid I could not hold it all. The taste was fabulous, like fresh, nutty cream. I had expected bitterness, but there was none. I knew at once that I was addicted for life. From now on, I would make it my business to sample as many men as I could. I kept sucking until more jazz came out. Then, I let the big, half deflated organ slide from my mouth.

Letting me go as well and leaving me with a pang of loneliness, Joe lay back on the tarp. “Shit, Man, you are something else.”

Rolling over on my side, I grinned over at him. “You get what you came for?” I asked.

“Christ, yes. That and more.”

“Good,” I said, reaching out to cup his wet balls.

“I’m gonna be back, whether you want me or not.”

“Anytime, man. I’ll be waiting for you.”

# CHAPTER FOUR

That afternoon, I pedaled down to the drive-in to see Harvey. He had just finished waiting on a customer and came back to the side of the building where I stood.

"Hi, Stud. How's it hangin'?" he asked cheerfully.

"Better than ever, thanks to you. That Joe Apple's something real special."

He laughed. "Shit, that bastard doesn't waste any time. He must have beat it for your house as soon as he left here. I take it you two had a good time."

"Never better, except maybe for last night. Harvey, I was wondering about something."

"Yeah, what?"

"Well, I know guys put their dicks up each other's asses, but it seems to me it would hurt a lot. Joe stuck his finger up my butt, and I thought for awhile I was gonna die."

"You gotta learn to relax, that's all."

"Could you teach me?"

He grinned broadly. "It'd be my pleasure, believe me. You nervous about it?"

"Yeah, I guess I am."

"But you really want to try it, huh?"

"Really." My cock was getting hard just thinking about it.

"Okay. Tell you what. I'll get hold of something to help relax you. We need a place we won't be disturbed too. Joe Apple's folks are in Europe, and he's got the house to himself. Maybe we can go over there tonight. I imagine you'd like to see him again anyway, wouldn't you?"

"Hell, yes, as often as possible."

"Good. Check with me when I get home from work at five. Okay?"

At five o'clock, I was sitting on the curb in front of the house next door. When Harvey's beat up Chevy drove up, I was at the window before the boy could even get out. "What about tonight?" I asked.

"Hey, man, don't get so excited. You'll cream your pants before we even get there."

"I don't care. The way I feel, I could keep creamin' them from now till tomorrow, and not even notice it."

"That's what I like to hear. Listen, I called Joe. You made quite an impression on him. It was all he could talk about. When I told him you and I wanted to come over there tonight and practice screwing, he damn near lost his mind. Besides that, look what I got."

He lifted a small plastic bag filled with green leaves. I knew from seeing it at school that it was grass. I had never smoked it, but I had been dying to try, almost as much as I wanted to try being fucked.

"Wow!" I said, "That ought to do the trick."

"Look, meet me at about seven, and we'll go to Joe's."

I could hardly eat my dinner, I was so excited. My folks seemed concerned, and

Mom asked several times whether I felt all right. They are so used to my eating everything in sight, that the idea of my picking at my food really disturbed them.

I looked at the clock every three minutes, until seven. Then, wearing my newly repaired cutoffs and a tank top, I went out to meet Harvey. As I jumped into his car, he asked, "What're you going tell your folks about our going out?"

"I said you were going to teach me how to throw baskets."

He giggled. "That's not too far from the truth, I guess. Here."

He handed me a smoking joint. The super sweet smell excited me before I put it to my lips. I took a long toke and choked.

"You ever smoked before?" Harvey asked, pulling away from the curb.

"Hell, yes. Lots of times," I answered, my voice strained.

"Come on, Bobby. If you're going to let teach you things, you gotta be honest me. You never did it before, did you."

"No, I guess not," I said sheepishly.

"That's more like it. Look, there's a first time for everything. Now, just draw in easy. That's it. Hold it. Now swallow and breathe deep at the same time. Take it into your lungs and try not to choke."

I did as I was told, and the acrid smoke burned its way into my lungs. It was all I could do to keep from coughing, but I managed, even through tears came to my eyes.

"Hold it there, for as long as you can. Let it absorb through your lungs." He took the joint from me and put it to his lips, then handed it back to me.

I opened my mouth and exhaled. Nothing came out.

"Hey, Stud, you got it. You learn to smoke just as fast as you been learning other things. Have another toke."

I put the rolled paper to my mouth and breathed in. Again, hot sweet smoke burned into my lungs. This time, though, I did not cry. I was either getting used to it, or the grass was already deadening my

nerves. Holding the smoke, I handed the joint back to Harvey.

By the time we got to Joe's parents' house, I was feeling the effects of the weed. It was nothing dynamic, just a sense of well being and highness. Most of all, though, I felt relaxed.

We jumped out of the car and knocked on the door. In a minute, Joe opened it. Clad only in running shorts which were slit up the sides to show most of his muscular thigh, he greeted us warmly.

"Christ, Bobby, I'm really glad to see you again so soon. Come on in and get comfortable. You too, Harvey." He stood back and let us into the front hall and then closed the door behind us. "You guys smell like you got a head start on me."

"We had one on the way over. Here, roll a joint and start catching up with us." Harvey handed him the little bag of green.

As the boy busied himself with the papers and grass, Harvey said, "Christ,

you sure look relaxed, running around in nothing but your shorts."

"That's right, man. When the folks are gone, I figure I got a right to myself. Most of the time, I run around bare ass." He lighted the joint, took a puff, and handed it to Harvey.

"Sounds like a good idea. Why don't we do it?"

"Suits me," Joe said, as he hooked his thumbs in the waistband of the shorts. Without another word, he yanked them down. Once again, I stared at the brutal prick I had sucked so readily only that day. It was as beautiful as I remembered. My body tingled with thoughts of what might happen in the next couple of hours.

"How about you, Bobby?" Harvey asked, handing me the joint, "Got any objection to getting comfortable?"

"Shit no. First, though, I want my toke."

"Spoken like a veteran," Harvey said, chuckling. He undid the belt of his jeans,

kicked off his sandals, and pulled his tee shirt over his head. As I pulled on the joint, I watched him unzip his pants and push them down over his lean hips. His big cock flopped into view. Now, I had the chance to compare the two studs first hand. Again, I was struck with the differences. Harvey was tall and lanky, without an extra ounce of meat on him. His slimness made his nine inch cock look all the bigger.

Joe's body was stocky and tightly knit. He was the picture of manly power, and, having seen him in the line, I knew he could use it. His broad chest was crowned by blocky pectorals, and a trail of dark fuzz ran down between them, to an almost tiny waist. This blended into nonexistent hips from which flared heavy, athletic thighs. Looking from one man to the other, I knew I was a very lucky boy.

I gave the joint to Joe, and pulled my tank top over my head. As I bent to loosen the ties on my sneakers. Harvey goosed me from behind. I reeled forward with a screech, falling flat on my face.

The marijuana was having its effect. I lay on the floor, giggling, my ass in the air.

"Shit, man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to fuck you up," Harvey said as I got to my feet.

"No sweat, Harvey. I'm just getting loose, that's all." I tried to untie my laces again, but as soon as I lifted my foot, I fell down once more.

"Looks like our buddy needs a little help," Joe said. He and Harvey came up on either side of me, grabbing me by the arms. Lifting my feet off the ground, they carried me over and sat me down on the couch. Each of them grabbed a foot and in seconds, had my sneakers off. I looked at the naked bodies through half closed eyes, realizing that very soon I would be as bare and ready as they were. The two of them sat down on either side, and I was acutely aware of the warmth of their bodies so close to mine.

Harvey gave me the joint, and I took a long toke, holding the smoke like an expert. I handed it to Joe, at the same time raising my butt, so the two of them

could slip my shorts off. Now the three of us sat there naked. Joe and Harvey's legs pressed against mine from thigh to ankle. Suddenly, the warmth of their bodies on mine was funny. I giggled, quietly at first, and then more loudly. When they heard me, the two of them joined in.

"What, what you laughin' at?" Joe breathlessly.

"Nothin', nothin' at all, except we're all naked and sitting in the living room!"

That struck Joe as funny as it did me, and he went hysterical. The more he laughed, the more I laughed, and the more we laughed, the more Harvey laughed. Soon, we were all gasping for breath.

"Hey," Joe said, getting to his feet and reeling unsteadily, "It's time for a drink." He went to the dining room and returned with a bottle of scotch. "This shit's my old man's favorite. Let's toast him." He threw his head back and took a long drink. I watched the muscles of his throat bounce as he swigged, and remembered how my prick felt when it was wrapped in his

gullet. He made his way carefully to the couch and handed the bottle to Harvey. Then, he sat down beside me again, his leg in contact with mine.

Harvey took a long, satisfying slurp and handed the bottle on to me. "This's prime stuff, don't you agree, Joe?" I thought he was talking about the booze, but he ran his hand over the smoothness of my young midsection as he said it. That made me feel great, and I took a swig of the amber liquid and passed the bottle to Joe. By now, I felt very light headed and ready for anything. Everything was slowed down, like watching a movie in slow motion. Trying to focus, I watched the evening sunlight knifing through the slot between the drapes. It was beautiful to see the dust motes dancing in it.

Joe's hand joined Harvey's, and the two of them worked over my chest and belly, paying special attention to my already erect tits. My fist wrapped around the neck of the bottle, and I took another draw on it, wiping my face with the back of my hand and passing the scotch to Harvey.

As they worked on me, I just lay there, enjoying. It was a wonderful and lazy feeling. I folded my arms behind my head and watched the hairy hands as they swept across my body, leaving a trail of fire wherever they passed. My prick stood straight up, like a candle, and I could see the precum gleaming in the dim light.

Now, the hands moved to my legs, massaging up from my knees to touch nerve ending in my thighs. Harvey held the bottle to my lips, and I took a drink, not even bothering to hold it in my hands. He gave it to Joe, who held it for me all over again, and I drank some more. Next, the hands were in my groin, feeling my cock and balls, combing through my pubic hair, and cupping my churning sac.

My dick was so hard that it ached, but the ache felt good. It was a sensation of yearning, waiting for satisfaction, which I knew would come. We had been smoking and drinking for what seemed a long time, and all three of us floated somewhere near the ceiling of the room.

"Okay, Bobby, the time is here. We're gonna teach you how to get fucked. You ready?"

I shook my head yes, hardly able to focus the words or figure out their meaning. Harvey's hands were all over me, squeezing and playing with my tiny nipples and making me moan with passion. "You got the stuff I asked you to find?" he asked Joe.

"Yeah, I'll get it. It's behind the couch." Joe got up unsteadily and reached behind the low sofa. Grabbing a small bag, he handed it to Harvey.

"Kneel down on the floor, Bobby, and lean over the couch," Harvey ordered.

I did as he told me to, sliding onto the carpet and tuning around to face the couch. I flopped onto it, my knees on the floor and my ass in the air. Suddenly, hands were on my cheeks, kneading, pulling, forcing the cheeks apart and letting the cold air touch my tiny hole.

I heard the bag rattle. Something hard pressed against my lips. "Here, man, give

this a lick. We're gonna open up your asshole with it. It's gonna make you ready to get fucked by the real thing."

Looking at the thing, I saw that it was a long plastic tube with a point on one end. It was a vibrating dildo, the kind I had seen advertised in magazines. Harvey turned it on. It vibrated against my lips, and I started giggling all over again. "That tickles," I cried.

"Open your mouth. Suck on it like you're making it harder."

Harvey slid the dildo between my lips, and the tickling was on the roof of my mouth, against my cheeks, everywhere. If it felt like that when they shoved it up my ass, I would go crazy. "Where the hell did you get this, anyway?" Harvey asked Joe.

"My mom bought it a long time ago. She said she had a sore neck, and the vibrating soothes it."

"I bet it's more than her neck it soothes."

Joe laughed. "As a matter of fact, I do hear it running sometimes real late at night."

The vibrator was touching the back of my mouth, and I was fighting not to choke. There was something so exciting about having the smooth tube inside my mouth and knowing that it was what they would use to loosen my ass muscles in just a few minutes. I wondered if they would let me suck it again after it had been shoved up my butt.

I was sorry when Harvey pulled it away from me, but he replaced it with the open mouth of the scotch bottle, and I took another big drink, sending myself ever further into the clouds.

Soon, I began feeling even better than before. Harvey held another joint to my lips and I dragged on it, filling my lungs with the sweet smoke. In the meantime, the vibrator ran up and down my backbone, making me giggle so hard, I nearly lost the smoke I was holding.

Joe held my head and massaged the back of my neck. "Spread your

asscheeks," he ordered. I reached behind me and gripped my muscular orbs. As I pulled them apart, I felt something cold hit my tiny anal rose. Harvey's fingers massaged something slippery all over my crack. He pushed his hands against my butt, and I pulled harder, opening up my bottom as much as possible. I gasped as his fingers probed into my hole, painting every part of it with cooling grease. Something told me that he was making it easier for me to take whatever they shoved up by butt, and my prick got harder just thinking about it.

My cock poked into the gap between the cushions of the sofa, and the nubby fabric felt good against the rigid flesh. I groaned, and Joe put the joint to my mouth again. I dragged and flew further into space.

Just then, Harvey shoved his well greased finger all the way up my asshole. It felt great. The wild finger worked and wiggled in my rectum, bumping against my already sensitive prostate, and making my prick leak clear liquid. I raised my ass, begging Harvey to go on.

"You like that, Bobby? You like my hard finger up your buns? Want some more of this finger fucking?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah! I love it, goddammit!" I pushed back against the aggravating finger, the rough fabric rubbing my prick as I ran it along the groove of the couch. All I wanted was that terrific sensation in my butt.

The roach was at my lips again, sending me higher than before. Everything was moving in slow motion now, and each time the finger in my asshole or the vibrator running over my back hit a nerve, I thought I was going to die of pleasure.

"Give me that thing," I heard Harvey say. I knew Joe handed him the dildo. Then, the finger disappeared from my ass, and I whimpered at the unreal emptiness of its being gone. Harvey turned the vibrator to a higher speed and ran it up and down the crack of my ass. He started at the top and rolled it down until it was right under my aching balls. It was terrific, and I was sure I was about

to come. My nuts buzzed with excitement, and I moaned with passion. The shock of it all moved up and over my quivering body. I had never been so alive.

Harvey slid the dildo up to my tight little hole. It began to nose around and around the edges of it. He kept that up until I was ready to beg for more. Then, very deliberately, he centered the buzzing point right in the middle of my asshole. My whole body was on fire. It was a good thing I was leaned over, supported by the couch. Otherwise I would have collapsed from sheer excitement.

"Okay, Bobby, here it comes, ready or not."

I tried to relax. There was nothing else to do. The combination of booze and grass had me so loose, I could not have fought what was happening, no matter what. Then, the vibrator popped in between my anal gates, and I lost my mind. Waves of pure feeling rocked through my body, all the way from my toes to the top of my head. My cock throbbed with passion. My entire being

became one huge dong, ripe for hugging. I sobbed hysterically, begging for more. My guts buzzed just like the vibrator, especially my irritated prostate, and the precum flowed from my slit like water.

"More. I gotta have more of it. Now, please, ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Harvey pushed the shaft into my butt. I pushed back, swallowing it all the way. Now it tickled clear up in my belly. It was like swallowing a hill of ants. The scotch bottle was at my mouth again, and I sucked on the neck, thinking it was a huge, glass cock.

"Aw, fuck, Christ, feels so good. My asshole, so good. YEEEEOOOOWWWW!" I shot, and it was the craziest orgasm I had ever had. I felt like I was pissing. The jazz squirted out of me in one continuing stream, deep in the crack of the couch. I felt like coming forever, until my body was so dry they would have to sweep it under the carpet.

The vibrator sent its continued shocks through my system. I was totally in time with it, moaning and groaning in

sympathy with its buzzing. Then, as quickly as it had entered me, it was gone.

"Don't take it away. Now. I gotta have it. More. I gotta have it!" I screamed.

Suddenly, I was full again. Harvey replaced the jiggling tube with his rock hard cock. It fit perfectly, filling me more completely than the dildo ever had. My rectum hugged his prick like a stocking, and he pushed it into me with one lightning fast stroke. I raised my butt to beg for more, not even sure of what I was doing. All I knew was that what I had been so scared of was happening. I was being fucked, and it felt great, better than anything I could remember. I wanted to be full of cock forever. My ass had been made for stuffing. I knew that now, and I resolved, even in my drunken state, to keep it that way whenever I could from now on. I rotated my buttocks in wide circles, bringing moans of pleasure from Harvey's throat. His cock was all the way in me now, and I could feel the tip tracing rings deep inside my guts.

"God, oh God, you guys are beautiful together," Joe mumbled. I twisted my head to look at him. He was strumming his prick wildly, and his eyes were wide.

"Careful," I said, my voice slurred, "Don't come, I want it in me, not on my back." Then, I was coming again, and, just like before, it flowed out of my cock like a river, in one steady stream of aching whiteness.

"Yeeeeeaaaaaa!" Harvey screamed, and shot into my butt. I thrilled to the sensation of the come flowing deep inside my guts. The tall boy socked his prick in and out of me, draining it into my greedy hole.

"Joe," Harvey yelled, "Give him your prick. Let him eat cock!"

Joe threw his legs out on either side of my head, and I buried my head into his crotch, swallowing his grossly inflated dong in one long gulp. My nose dug into his black pubes, and I inhaled deeply, my head spinning with the earthy scent of piss and dried sweat.

I was groaning deep in my throat, like an animal in high heat. Even though he had come, Harvey still stroked in and out of my butt, long cocking the hell out of me. My balls throbbed with pleasure. I was all ass and mouth. The rest of me had stopped existing, and totally disappeared. I was one tight ring of flesh, serving a man at each end.

"GGGuuuuggggggg!" Joe howled, and my mouth was filled with a huge load of sweet ball honey. He pushed in, driving his hot prick far into my gullet. More sperm poured from its tip and cascaded deep into my belly. I hoped it would join Harvey's and that the little tadpoles would swim there together.

Time escaped me. It seemed like I sucked and got fucked for hours. That was the way I wanted it to be. I don't know how many times I poured out my cream, but it surely was more times than ever before in my young life.

Then I was lying on my back on the floor, and no one was touching me. I was lonesome, more alone than I have ever

been before. I sobbed, completely out of control. Joe and Harvey lay on either side of me, softly running their hands over my chest and belly. The scotch bottle found my lips again, and I drank deeply, the fire of the liquid burning my throat, taking the taste of fresh come away.

We were kissing. My mouth was full of writhing tongues, and our three bodies rubbed against each other. Hands massaged my exhausted prick, and I moaned again, thankful for my buddies.

"Come on, you guys, let's dive in the pool and clean the cum off," Joe said, heading for the sliding glass door.

As I got up, I spied the huge wet spot between the cushions of the couch. "What about," I stammered, my head still spinning from the booze and grass, "What about the couch? I creamed hell all over it."

Joe took a look and shrugged his shoulders. "I'll tell the folks the dog did it. He's a great Dane and always doing something he shouldn't. Come on." He slid back the glass and was gone. As

Harvey and I staggered after him, we heard a splash. When we reached the patio, Joe was just emerging from his dive, his head shining with clear droplets. "Come on in," he yelled. "Let's bob for balls."

With a giggle, I dived in, swimming to the bottom of the pool. The coldness of the water was great against my still hot skin. Harvey followed, coming up between my legs, and giving my nuts a hard twist. I surfaced, screaming in mock pain.

Joe dived and, in seconds, I felt his mouth close over my half limp rod. It felt great, even after all the fucking, sucking, and creaming that had just gone on. Just then, Harvey surfaced behind me, reached around, and laid his palms over my tits. He squeezed, driving me more out of my mind than I already was. Everything was starting all over again. Fires burned in my balls and flames licked up my belly. It was unbelievable. I knew I had to be drained, maybe forever, and yet, here I was, really cock hardening in the big football player's mouth. I

squirmed around, letting the two studs take possession of my body as if it were a whole new experience.

Joe surfaced in front of me, and his mouth met mine. We kissed, our tongues mopping out each other's mouths. Harvey reached further and hugged Joe's hairy body against my chest, our hard cocks rubbing one another, while Harvey's prodded my ass crack. Suddenly, I wanted it all over again.

"Pull my cheeks apart," I told Joe. As the three of us treaded water, the beefy stud reached down and parted my globes. Effortlessly, Harvey's prick nosed into me, sliding through the muscles as though I had been getting screwed all my life. We hung there in the water, the three of us, and inch after slippery inch of fat dong found its way into my gaping hole. Even though the effects of the drugs were wearing of, I felt no pain. My body was relaxed and unafraid, ready for Harvey's cock or anyone else's.

In the meantime, Joe was repositioning my prick and his, so that his slipped in

between my legs, pinning my throbbing shaft between our bellies. His crown poked into Harvey's balls and mine, giving us a new sensation to excite us. His lips fastened on mine, and I shot out my tongue to explore his hot, wet mouth. The three of us sank beneath the surface of the pool and had to kick to bring our heads back to air. The flailing about sent Harvey's prick to places it had not touched before. I was the willing meat in an underwater sandwich, and, best of all, I was getting reamed out again. Our bodies were delightfully hot in the cold water, and I grunted happily as the basketball player's dong slid in and out, plowing my ass and turning my prostate into a stinging jewel.

"Agggggghhhhh, I'm coming, fuckin' commmmiiing!" Harvey yelled. As his cock swelled even larger in my belly, I flapped my arms and kicked my legs, making my body move up and down in the water and giving him fresh friction from my gripping fuck hole.

The spunk poured into me, and I thrilled to the sensation of heat inside

me, even though the cold pool water lapped around the spot where our raging bodies joined.

Letting go with a groan, Harvey sank to the bottom of the pool, his already deflating prick sliding out of my glove-like rectum as easily as it had gone in. Joe and I both dived to the concrete base and pulled him up by the arms. Harvey broke the surface, sputtering and choking.

"Shit, oh shit, what a cum! I passed out, actually passed out. Kid, you're dynamite!"

"How many times do I have to tell you, I'm not a kid?" I answered grinning at him.

# CHAPTER FIVE

I was learning the things I had craved to know, and I was having fun doing it. If I had had any idea how much fun, I would not have held off as long as I did. It was becoming clear that I was a natural cock sucker and a damn good fuck. All I had to do was get a man's cock into my mouth or up my buns, and I had him as a slave for life. Now, I had to figure out how to get the man I had been dreaming about into one of those positions. Still, the dark, handsome salesman had turned me down flat. He probably would again, unless I figured out some way to take him by surprise. Simply going to his motel the next time he was in town and spreading my legs would not work. After all, I had practically done that, and he turned me down flat.

It was going to take some planning and some time, but I was determined to have sex with the big dude or know the reason why. In the meantime, I had more to learn, and if it were as good as what I

had already experienced, it was going to be a pleasure. Before Harvey, Joe, and I finished our swim, I let them know how much I appreciated Harvey's sending Joe over to see me. I told them that if they knew anybody else who might be interested, they should get us together, that I was ready and willing to do anything, the wilder the better.

They promised to help me out, but the next guy who came over was a real surprise. I was sitting in the living room, reading the paper, wishing my mother would get home from work so she could fix me a snack, when the doorbell rang. I went to answer, and there stood Hank Price, a grin on his face a mile wide.

I invited him in, and the first thing he said was, "Are you alone?"

"Yeah. Mom should be home from work any time now, but right this minute I'm alone, except for you. Why?"

"Good. Come on. Let's go for a ride. I gotta talk to you."

I followed the big blond mechanic out to his car, and we jumped in. Hank gunned the motor, and we took off. He was silent for a long time, looking as if he knew where we were going.

"What'd you want to talk about?" I asked.

"I been hearing some stuff, stuff about you," he said quietly.

"What kind of stuff?" I asked, being pretty sure I already knew.

"Like that you're gettin' around a little bit, here in town."

"Who'd you hear that from?" I asked, shifting my position to face him, my leg folded onto the seat with the knee about four inches from his thigh.

"Just a couple of guys I know," he answered, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Like Harvey Peterson and Joe Apple?" I asked, running my hand up my inner thigh.

"No, I don't know them," Hank said, slightly taken aback.

"Well, I gotta say this. They act fast. I only told them to start puttin' the word out yesterday, and now several guys must know."

"But look, Bobby, that's all wrong. You can't just go around advertising what you want is to get laid."

"Why not, if that's what you want?" I asked, pretending dumbness.

"It just ain't right. Why, all kinds of guys might try to pick you up, guys that might be pretty shady."

"Like you?" I asked.

Hank winced. "Ouch! I guess I had that coming."

"Not really, but look at it this way. What have I got to lose? I trust you and Joe and Harvey, and I know you won't hook me up with anybody you don't trust. At least I'm pretty sure you won't."

"I gotta admit that's right," Hank said, grinning, "If nothing else, we wouldn't want to take a chance on damaging the merchandise. What worries me, though, is that word has a way of getting around.

I wouldn't want you to get involved with anything you couldn't handle."

"Don't concern yourself. If I get in too deep, I'll just yell for my buddies," I moved over close to him and gave his arm a squeeze.

He turned his head and kissed me, right there on the road. Our lips clung, and I was overwhelmed by the hot sensuousness of his mouth, all the while wondering who was watching the traffic.

When Hank finally broke the contact, vainly trying to focus on his driving, I asked, "Where we going?"

"You remember where you saw me getting it on with the salesman?"

"Yeah. The clearing, right?"

"Right. That's where we're going." He turned onto the dirt road leading to Parkers Woods. "That okay with you?"

"Sure, just so we're not disturbed," I said, slumping back in the seat and arching my body to make my basket stand high.

"If we are, we'll ask them to join us," Hank answered, and we both got hysterical.

He pulled up in the place where I had found the stranger's Buick the day I'd followed them to the woods. We got out and started along the path to the clearing. As I walked ahead of him, I knew Hank's eyes were on my pert little ass. I wiggled it, making it especially enticing for him. I remembered how I had seen his big prick slide in and out of the stranger's butt and wondered how it would feel if he did the same thing to me. His cock was big, but only a little bit more so than Harvey's. I was sure I could take it, if he made the offer.

We reached the clearing. "There's the tree," I said, pointing at it.

"What about it?" Hank asked, playing the game of acting dumb.

"It's where I saw you screwing the salesman, that's what about it."

"Oh, yeah, that's right. What say we take our clothes off?"

I giggled, answering by stripping off my tank top and kicking away my sandals. I watched Hank slip out of his overalls as I got rid of my tight cutoffs. Once he had unlaced his shoes and shucked his socks, we stood there in the woods facing one another, completely in the nude.

"What now?" I asked, my cock arching toward his.

"Screw me," he said flatly.

I could hardly believe what I heard. Hank was the image of butch manhood to me. I had seen him flex his butt, shooting his load into my dream man, the salesman, and I had arched my back while he ate my cock, but it never occurred to me that he might love having his asshole plugged with hot meat as much as I did.

"I, I don't know," I said, completely losing my cool.

"What's the matter, ain't you ever done it before?" Hank asked, reaching out to grip my hard prick.

I shook my head no.

"Good," he said, smiling broadly. "Then I can teach you. There's a first time for everybody. You're gonna be great. I knew that as soon as I got your prick in my mouth the other day. It's got just the right shape to it, a big flange to rub back and forth across the pleasure spot, I'm gonna show you how to do it, just the way he showed me."

"He?" I asked, holding my breath to keep from coming as Hank's beefy hand stoked my arching prick.

"That guy you saw me with the other day. I didn't know what anything was about, until he came along one day and helped me out."

Hank lay down on his back in the tall grass, holding out his arms to me. I fell into them, and we kissed, our mouths melding into one body warming whole. We squirmed against each other, his dripping prick leaving a trail of wetness on my heaving belly. I moaned deep down inside, letting him know how excited I was just being close to him. The blond hair of his chest scrubbed against

me, and I thought my smooth skin would end up scratched and red, but I did not care.

He broke the kiss. “You want me? You want me to take you up my ass?”

“Yes, oh, God, yes!” I mumbled, at the time kissing his eyes.

“Good, ’cause that’s what I want, too. I want you more than anything.”

He raised his legs, bringing them up on either side of my wriggling body. All at once, my raging harden was nested in his crack, and I could feel his fuck hole throbbing against its base. He wrapped his long, hairy legs around my butt and pulled me tightly against him, and our lips met again. We kissed for so long that I lost track of time. Then, Hank raised a hand to either side of my head and pulled it away from his face. He looked deeply into my eyes, smiling. “You ready?” he whispered.

“Yeah, man, readier than I’ve ever been in my life.”

"Spit in your palm and rub it on your cock. I need a little lubrication to take something that big."

I did as he told me, covering the inside of my hand with spittle and rubbing it carefully over the length of my aching prick. I moved slowly, focusing oh the fact that if I rubbed too hard, I would be whitewashing the outside of Hank's butt without ever penetrating it.

The rugged blond looked down the length of his naked body at me. "Shit, Bobby, you are one beautiful stud. I can't believe I never noticed it all that time."

"Nobody did," I said, grinning down at him, "But they're starting to now."

"I know, man. But I still hope the wrong people don't catch on."

"Like who?"

"Never mind. Just screw me until I scream." He lifted his legs, raising them over his head. He grabbed the backs of his calves and pulled down, doubling himself up and sticking his ass out to me,

inviting me into the tiny, brownish shit hole.

I could hardly believe this was happening. When I thought of all the times I had stared at his buttocks, covered by the coveralls and wondered what it would look like naked, it seemed as if I were in the middle of a dream. The little anus winked at me, nested in the depths of the long, hairy crack. My prick tip hovered near it, ready to part the folds and sound the depths of the blond mechanic's bowels.

I touched the throbbing knob to the gateway, closing my eyes and counting to ten, trying to keep from squirting.

"You gotta open me up first," Hank said, "with your tongue."

I looked at him, not sure I had heard right. "What?" I asked, my voice trembling. The aroma of dried shit floated up to me.

"Rim me, Bobby. Eat out my hole and push some spit into it, so I relax and you slide into me easier."

"I don't think I can. It's, it's dirty." My stomach turned over again and again.

Hank laughed. "Hey, kid, it's nothing but good clean shit. Eat up."

The word "kid" hit me right where it hurt. Was this what real men did, stick their tongue up each other's asses? Did I have to eat Hank's shit to be accepted?

"Come on! Do it, or we drive back to town right now!"

I knew what that meant. Not only would I not get to screw him, but Hank would tell the other guys what a baby I was. If I did not eat out his ass, I would have to go back to life the way it had been a week ago. That was my choice.

Holding my breath, I bent down. The odor of shit grew stronger, the closer I got to the blond's muscular buttocks. I stared at the fluted hole, trying to pretend it was anything but a place where Hank crapped. I remembered how good it had been when Joe rimmed me, throwing me into a whole new dimension of feeling. In a second, the same thing

would be happening to Hank, and I would be the cause, that is, if I could keep from throwing up.

"Do it. Eat my hole, now!" Hank said, his voice begging me.

I flicked out my tongue, moving it tentatively, carefully. The tip touched the tight muscle ring. Hank groaned. I grew more bold, recalling how Joe had moved around my hole. Pushing harder, I ran my tongue around the circle of flesh. It did not seem so bad, now that I was doing it. The extreme warmth of the secret flesh hit my tongue, exciting me clear down to my nuts. I tasted the maleness of old sweat. To make all of it even better, Hank moaned, groaned and tossed his head, letting me know I was turning him on beyond his wildest dreams.

I dug in deeper, seeking the center of the tight anal knot. Hank reached down and spread his orbs, opening himself even more completely. "Fuck, shit, yeah! Eat it. Eat my ass," he bawled.

Pushing in, I forced my tongue into him, turning it into a tiny, stiff cock raping

his willing asshole. Spinning it, I touched all sides of his mancunt. He groaned again, spouting a line of gibberish beyond my understanding, but a turn on, all the same. My lips closed against the tingling flesh of his butt hole, and I sucked at it, all the while shoving my wiggling tongue further up the satin track. I wished my tongue were five feet long so I could lick it all the way up into Hank's mouth, reaming him out from stem to stern.

"Wet me down. Get me ready for your prick," Hank ordered.

I gathered spittle into my mouth, sucking it up out of my throat and preparing a ball of it for deposit. Locking my lips tightly around the fuck hole, I pushed it home, filling Hank's tight rectum with wetness. I ran my tongue in and out and in again, coating every spot it could reach with a slippery film. Soon, Hank's anus was so prepared that I would slide into him with no effort at all. My body trembled with excitement at the thought of fucking my first stud, and to think it was Hank Price, whom I had wanted for so long.

I looked up from my ass sucking and smiled. "You ready for me, Hank?"

"Shit, yes. Shove that big dong right up to my chin. Put it where it belongs. My asshole's itchin' so bad for you, I'm gonna die." He pulled his long legs tightly against his chest, and I gazed down into the tight little knot ready to be pierced.

Shifting positions, I brought my purple head against the spot, and Hank shuddered. "Oh, man, your prick's so hot I feel like it's gonna burn me out. Do it, man. Do it, do it, do it!"

Flexing my buttocks, I pushed forward. The tip disappeared. Immediately, my cock was flooded with the heat of Hank's insides. The anal ring gripped me, bringing a deep moan from my throat, the sound of an animal in rut. I pushed again, and an inch of stalk nudged its way up his shit trail. "Christ," I moaned, "That's good, so tight and good!"

Hank was sweating now. My stretching of his asshole was bringing pain. Still, he did not ask me to stop. Instead, his grunts and groans drove my passion to

new heights. I shoved in further. It was heaven having the tight ass sleeve grip my throbbing dong. I felt like I was coming, but knew I was not. I drove in again. Now more than half my length was buried. Moving into Hank was easier now. His eyes rolled up, and he tossed his head from side to side, lost in the throes of passionate sensuality. He held me around the waist by pressing his muscular inner thighs against my sides, pulling me closer and drawing my dong all the way in. My hairs scrubbed against his satin-skinned ass cheeks. I was sounding the depths of his hole, and loving every second of it.

Reaching down, I took Hank's hard prick in my hand and started jacking up and down its throbbing length. At the same time, I ground my hips into his muscular ass. His groans took on a new, even deeper tone. I pulled out slowly, letting the whole of my raging stalk slide out of the well lubricated hole.

"That's it. Oh, yeah, Bobby. Fuck me, man. Screw the shit out of me," Hank

moaned, his words barely understandable.

When only the pulsing knob was still inside him, I stopped. For a long moment, I held perfectly quiet, letting the heat of the asshole spread over my swollen tip. Then I let out a sob as Hank's sturdy sphincter clamped tightly behind the ridge of my flaring corona. It was my signal that he was ready to be plowed.

I shoved in, my hand still caressing his long prick. Like lightning, I thrust my whole rod into the depths of the big blond's bowel, He grunted, his eyes bugging out. "Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck me hard," he screamed, his head lolling on the grass and his ass bucking up to meet me. Out again, and then in, and out, faster and faster. I was an animal, rutting and unable to quit, no matter what. The sweat dripped from my body and spattered onto Hank's heaving chest. My nostrils were inundated with the heady scent of male musk. We moaned and grunted together. Hank grabbed my neck and pulled me down to him, crushing his

lips against my own. Opening my mouth wide, I accepted his tongue and let it fuck into me, just the way my prick was reaming out his tight ass.

My buttocks rose and fell, clenched and pushed, shooting my steaming prick across his swollen prostate walnut. Every time I raked him, Hank's groans grew deeper. We were a pair of jungle creatures, minds disconnected, reacting solely to the urges of our hot, super-sensitive bodies.

"SHOVE! SHOVE! SHOVE IT IN!" Hank yelled, his voice echoing through the trees. His ankles pounded against my buttocks, urging me deeper and deeper, until I felt sorry that my prick was not even longer than it was.

I rotated my hips, stabbing into his body from every angle. The rougher I gave it to him, the more he wanted it. He was sobbing now, his tongue lolling out of the corner of his mouth and the spittle drooling across his cheek.

In, out, push, pull, grunt, groan. My rhythm was steady, sure, flooding up into

me from the Earth itself. We were nature, and the forest was in our movement. My heart beat so hard I could feel it in the end of my deeply buried prick. Or was it Hank's heartbeat I felt? The difference was nothing. We were beating in tune.

"Ah, God, so good, feels so fuckin' hot and good," I moaned, tossing my head from side to side and scattering fresh sweat over Hank's body.

"Yeah, Man, it does!" he replied, reaching up to pinch and twist my hard, sensitive nipples.

As always the feeling shot straight from my nipples to my nuts, hauling me closer to my climax. I knew, even in my crazed state, that this was going to be the come of the century, rocking me to the tips of my toes. I dug in deeper, driving Hank's back into the dirt.

The flames were building now, and, no matter what I did, my finish was on the way. "I… I'm gonna cum," I mumbled, closing my and trying to fight it.

"Hold off! Not yet. Don't come yet!" Hank shouted. "Grab my cock and jack it. We gotta come together."

Blindly, I reached for his rock hard prick. It was hard as steel and so hot it nearly burned my hand. I ran my hands over the taut skin, moving it up and down the solid stalk.

"Yeah, that's it. Harder, faster, harder, rough!" Hank grunted.

I moved my hands in rhythm with my jerking prick, letting Hank fuck into my fists, just as I was ramming into his distended rectum. Still we moved in perfect unison, our bodies one body, a complete machine dedicated to sexual splendor.

Suddenly, Hank was filled with new fire. His already tight asshole contracted further, squeezing my prick in a fast, irresistible vice. "EEEEEHHHHAAAASSSSS!" he screamed, and my hands were filled with quarts of his sticky man honey. The starchy smell hit my nose, displacing the odor of musk. The asshole pumped around my

throbbing member, milking the cum up out of my balls, along the swollen urethra and out.

"AAAAHHHHHGGGG!" I screamed, and the milk pulsed out of me, deep into Hank's ready ass. "Take it, take my fuck," I sobbed, crying to him to accept the best I had. I collapsed onto his sweaty chest, completely drained.

We lay there for a long time, the sounds of the birds gentle around us, Little by little, my prick went down, creeping slowly out of Hank's body until it slipped from his butt. He grasped my body to his, held me close, and kissed me. Then, he whispered, "There's something else you can do for me. Would you like to?"

"What is it?"

"Eat my ass out now."

"Now that I've screwed you?"

"Yeah. Suck the cum out of it and feed it to me off your tongue."

Now there was no hesitation. I slid slowly down the length of his chest,

gliding on a slick layer of sweat. I paused briefly to lick up some of the cum still oozing from the deep prick slit. Then, with a certainness born of experience, I zeroed in on the gaping shit hole. My prick juice gleamed around its edges, white tinged with the brown of Hank's shit. I inhaled deeply, glorying in the combination of cum, sweat, and musky goo. With a quick dive of my head, I locked my lips over the throbbing hole, kissing Hank's ass with grateful ardor. I ran my tongue over its fluted surface, bringing a deep groan from the big mechanic.

"God, lick my asshole. That's it," Hank breathed harder as he spoke to me. His tone was low and loaded with the same sensuality I had heard in his lustful groans a few minutes before. "Lick up and down the length of my crack before you suck the jazz out of me. Heavy with the tongue. That's it. That's the way to do it."

I spread his muscular cheeks and rubbed my face against the smooth flesh

as I ran my wet tongue all along the length of his hairy, dark slit.

"Now," Hank moaned. "Lick out my butt hole. Fuck your tongue clear up inside me, just like you did with your fat prick. Shit man, you are the greatest butt licker in the world. Fuck me with your squirmy tongue, man. Get as much of it into me as you can. Drag out all your cum on it and feed it to me."

Hank's asshole trembled around my tongue, as I slid it up into his recently fucked and still relaxed hole. I ran my hands over his hard muscled cheeks, feeling all its curves and crevices. The feeling of the bunchy muscles under my fingers made me so hot I wanted to screw all over again.

My tongue moved around and around the salty tasting hole. I panted, burying my nose between the widely spread cheeks, and pushing my tongue tip deep into the smooth, hot male flesh. I let go of the stretched open orbs, and the ass crack closed about my face. Inhaling deeply, I pulled in air from Hank's

churning nuts. The smell of his cummy crotch made my own prick pound and my balls ache for renewed action. I longed for a tongue deep inside my butt, squirming and tickling me just the way I was doing to Hank. My eyes were closed tightly, the hot flesh pushed against my face, and I was lost in my job of vacuuming the used gism out of my buddy's butt hole. I probed deep, digging in so far that my tongue muscles ached.

Hank moaned. He pushed his tight buttocks harder against my face. "Goddamn, man, you are terrific! There's nobody can ream out an asshole as good as you can. I know guys in town who'd pay plenty for you to do this."

I wondered who he meant and wished my mouth were free so I could tell him I was more than ready to do anything with anybody, as long as he would tell me who to approach. I made a note to ask him. From now on, I wanted to be licking ass, screwing ass, blowing cock, and all the rest of it every waking minute of my day. The more studs I did it with the better, whether I had them one at a time or all

at one time. I was going to fuck and be fucked until my body burned out, and as sexy as I felt, that was not going to happen for a long time to come.

I sucked harder, excited that my own cum flowed back into my mouth. Stabbing my tongue around, I made sure I had picked up every bit of it I could reach. By the time I was certain I had it all, my mouth was half full of it. It tasted great to me, different from any jazz I had eaten so far. It was richer, spicy with the taste of Hank's ass. Now, all that remained was for me to feed it to him, pushing it into the hole of his mouth just the way I had pushed it up his rectum.

"You ready, man?" he asked breathlessly as I raised my head from his burning hot skin.

I shook my head yes, my lips tightly closed, lest a single drop of ass jazz escape before it reached his hungry mouth. I slithered back up his body, working my way over his flesh, turning on all the nerve endings and bringing our

bodies alive just as they had been during our screwing.

Finally, I was stretched out full length over him, our toes touching, our throbbing cocks grinding into one another, our chests with their hard tits breathing against each other. I looked down into his handsome face.

"Let's have it," he whispered.

My lips clamped over his, and I pushed the old cum into his mouth, spitting it into his throat as we both groaned in passion. His tongue shot out, mopping at the inside of my oral cavity just the way I had swept the mess out of his butt with mine. He was a wild man, probing into me, digging his tongue against the roof of my mouth, and demanding every bit of my ass-flavored sperm.

Our bodies squirmed together, lubricated on a fresh layer of male sweat. I was hot all over, tingling and full again with the passions of an animal. Our cocks throbbed to a single rhythm, grinding into our bellies and over one another, wet with our copious flow of hot precum.

Then, without warning, I was coming all over again. "YYOOOOAAAWWWW!" I screamed, throwing my head back so hard I nearly snapped my neck. As my cream poured out of the balls I thought were drained forever, Hank was with me.

"I'M CUMIN', CUMMMMMING HARD!" He tossed his head from side to side, moaning as his spunk shot out to mix with mine on hot, heaving bellies. It was a long time before we could move. In the meantime, our mouths communicated, our tongues moving quietly, lovingly over one another there in the forest. When we were finally able to stir, we swung into sixty-nine and licked the cum from our fluttering, firm bellies.

# CHAPTER SIX

The next day, Joe Apple invited me over for a swim. Since his parents were still away, I knew he meant for us to do a lot more than use the pool. Besides that, he said on the phone that he had something new for me to try, and so I was even more excited than I would have been otherwise.

As I rode my bicycle toward Joe's, I heard a racket behind me: motorcycles. A big machine pulled up on either side of me, each one slowing to the speed of my bike. It was Bart Towner and one of his greasy buddies.

Every kid in town was scared of Towner. He was about twenty-five and had a tough reputation. He had moved to town about five years ago and proceeded to make himself disliked ever since. Nobody knew very much about him, but everyone gave him a wide berth, everyone except his friends, two or three hoods who were just like him.

I looked over at him, and Towner leered at me. He motioned for me to stop, fingering his wide leather belt. There was nothing for me to do but pull up. A sixteen year old on a bicycle is no match for a couple of beefy studs on cycles.

Bart Towner and his friend turned off the engines of their bikes, staying on either side of me to prevent my getting away. "Hi there, Sonny," Towner said, grinning at me with jagged teeth.

"Hello," I said, trying to sound normal.

"What's your name, kid?" he growled.

"Bobby. Why?" I tried to swallow the lump in my throat.

"Ya got a nice tight looking little ass, Bobby. You should be careful about running around in those skimpy shorts. Could get ya in trouble." His buddy broke into cruel laughter, and Towner joined him, while I went red with embarrassment. They gunned their cycles and took off, leaving me alone in the street.

When I got to Joe's, I told him about what happened. He shook his head. "Shit, Bobby, those guys are bad business."

"What do I do about them?"

"Just mind your own business, I guess. That's what everybody else around here does. Come on. Let's got for a swim." He stripped off his tank top, treating me once again to the sight of his broad, muscular chest, set off so well by its mat of black fur. My eyes followed the trail of hair down to the beltline of his tight shorts. Acutely aware of my gaze, he slowly undid the top button, and my mind went back to that day in the woodshed when he and I got together for the first time. This time, the huge cock was no surprise to me. After all, I had had it in my mouth, reaming the hell out of my throat a couple of times now. Nevertheless, I found the thick snake as beautiful and exciting to look at as ever.

"Christ, Joe, you got a great dong," I said as he let the shorts fall to his ankles.

"Glad you like it," Joe said, grinning at me. "That's what I like best about you too, your prick. I can't wait to see it again. There's some stuff I haven't done with it yet."

My fingers trembling, I unzipped my short cutoffs, eager to get the confining cloth out of the way. As I pushed them down, my hard-prick snapped up against my belly and then stood straight out in front of me, reaching toward Joe and jerking with excitement.

"Shit, Bobby, you're always ready aren't you."

"You must know that by now," I answered, pulling off my shirt and facing him, totally naked, except for my sneakers.

"Sit down and let me help you with your shoes," Joe said, his voice low and caressing. I knew that he had something in mind, something a lot more interesting than just helping me off with my sneakers, so I sat, my legs wide apart, so that my big balls fell into a pool on the couch.

Kneeling before me, Joe untied one of my shoes, pulled it off, and let it drop. He lowered my foot, placing it against his hot crotch. "Hmmm, you're warm there," I said, my toes wiggling against the underside of his hard dong and the sole of my foot pressing down on his hairy ball sac.

"You know it, man, especially now that you're here again."

He untied the other sneaker, removed it, and dropped it to the floor. We sat there in the quiet of the big room, my one foot bothering his cock and balls and the other cradled in his palm. Joe just held it, running his fingers over its bottom, gently petting it and tracing the lines as if he were reading my palm.

"That tickles," I said.

"So does what you're doing to me," he answered, smiling at me and showing his irresistible rows of white teeth. His fingers played over the bottom of my foot, and I found myself on the verge of giggling, turning into a helpless child. I caught myself. I was not about to do

that, not now that I was on my way to having a secure reputation as a real stud.

Instead of breaking down, I concentrated on how it felt to have my toes snuggled into Joe's groin. I pushed harder against his puckered balls, pressing them into the flesh of his legs and making him wince. "Hey, that hurts," he said, "But I like that."

I exerted more pressure, and at the same time forgot all about giggling. The finger massage on the bottom of my foot did not tickle anymore. It felt more like it did when a guy plays with my tits. The sensations ran right up my legs and into my nuts. My prick jerked around, standing up hard and firm as a candle.

Joe closed his thighs around my foot, burying it in his crotch. I wiggled my toes faster, and at the same moment he sped up the pressure and motion of the wild massage. Before I knew what was happening, he raised the foot to his mouth and breathed in deeply.

"Man, you been wearing those sneakers for a long time, haven't you."

I nodded yes, aware of the hot breath on the sole of my foot, as well as the crotch heat enveloping the other one. Everything moved so slowly, and that made it all the more exciting. My feet seemed a long way from my prick, and yet it was jumping around burning as if we were in the middle of sex instead of just working up to it. It's hard to imagine somebody could make me come by diddling with my toes, but I felt like creaming right then.

"That's a real turn on, that smell. Let's see how you taste."

As I watched down the length of my body, Joe opened his mouth and sucked my big toe into it just as the salesman had done to Harvey. The heat of him shot through me, and my eyes grew wide. There was a strange excitement to having a man make love to my feet. The wet tongue played across the pad of my toe, washing it and tasting the musky flavor of my flesh.

Opening wider, Joe crammed the first small toe in beside the big one. I moaned

as he ran his educated tongue between them, cleaning out the space. Now, I wanted to giggle again, and, at the same time, I was so overwhelmed with passion that I could think of nothing but the foot washing the big football player was performing. Ripples of exciting sensation ran up my leg, hitting me right in the nuts. My prick drooled precum, making the head shiny and filling the room with my musky male scent.

It was time for me to put my foot to work. Moving it about, I managed to get in under the dark boy's balls, probing for the cleft that marked the start of his ass crack. It was hot there, even warmer than it had been between his cock and balls.

Joe moved on, running his long tongue between each pair of toes. Shivers shot up my spine, coming together at the base of my neck and making my hair stand on end. I quivered all over, excited beyond belief. The more he worked on me, the more my passions rose. It was all I could do to keep from grabbing my cock and jacking it to completion. But, no, I must

not do that. I wanted to prolong this game as long as possible. Besides, the load that was churning in my balls was for Joe, and it was up to him to do with it what he wanted, when he wanted.

My probing toes found their way along the deep, moist crack until the tip of my big toe reached the tiny, tightly clenched asshole. I pressed against it, knocking for entrance and thrilling to the sense of power that is in touching a man's most secret spot. Joe gave a little grunt, acknowledging my attack. All the same, he never looked up from eating my toes, concentrating on bathing them as though it were the most exciting job in the world. As far as I was concerned, it was.

I nudged my foot forward. The tight little hole did not budge. Then, Joe adjusted his body, using his heels to open his ass cheeks. He wanted it. I pushed against the anal gates again, and this time they gave. The very tip of my big toe slipped inward, grasped by the big athlete's fleshy circle. His hole felt moist, and I wondered whether or not my toe would come out coated with shit. At that

point, I could not have cared less. Besides, as turned on to my feet as Joe seemed to be, he would probably lick it off anyway.

I threw my head back against the back of the couch. "I can't believe this," I moaned, "You're eating my foot, and I'm so fuckin' hot, I'm gonna cream in about two seconds!"

Joe pulled his mouth away. "The hell you are," he snapped. "You're gonna come when I tell you and not before. Until then, you hold off, even if you bust wide open. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, surprised at the thrill that ran through me when I heard the toughness in his voice. He was my master. I would wait to come, keeping my mind off my throbbing prick until he gave me permission to take relief.

My toe was all the way in now. The tip of it brushed against Joe's swelling prostate. I poked at it, driving the nail into the hard surface of the little gland. Joe let out an excited groan, and his cock leaped up, harder than before.

Still mopping over my toes with his tongue and sucking them wildly with his tender lips, he ran his free hand up the length of my inner thigh. He moved slowly, his palm hardly touching my flesh. Instead, he brushed the hairs, and with the over sensitized state of my body, I went crazy. Opening my mouth wide, I moaned, frightening myself with the animal harshness of my cry.

The hand stopped just short of my rolling balls, and I stabbed at the prostate again, hoping to drive Joe on to finishing me. My aching cock drooled so much precum that it lay in a shining pool at the place where my prick met my nut sac. One touch of Joe's hands and I would be shooting all over the room, gaining relief before I went insane But he would not touch my cock.

"Jack me off. Let me come," I whined, begging him for an end.

He continued to suck my toes, running his tongue over and between them even faster than before. With a fresh thrust, I

drove my toe nail against his prostate, hoping to push him over the edge.

Instead of grabbing my cock, Joe ran his hand in under my sac and, with one hard motion, shoved his middle finger into my asshole. To have him do this with no preparation or warning brought me pain like I had never known. I let out a scream, trying to get away from the long digit squirming in my butt. It was useless. Joe had me pinned as surely as if he had driven a stake through my body. During all this, he never stopped eating at my toes.

His fingertip struck my prostate walnut. I let out another scream, throwing my head from side to side, and I came. "AW, SHIT! FUCKIN' SHIT, I'M CUMMMMMING!" I yelled, sobbing, as lightning strung out over my body.

The jism fountained out of my long, jerking prick and splattered over my chest, reaching all the way to my neck. The invading finger kept milking my ass until every drop of white had flown out of me. I lay back, whimpering.

Joe let my foot fall to the floor. The great toe of the other one was still imprisoned up his butt. He sat there, grinning up at me, proud of the pleasure and pain he had brought me. "You gonna come?" I asked, my voice tight from all the exertion.

"You bet your ass I am," he answered. Lying back on the floor, he threw his legs up onto the couch, one to either side of me. "Keep it up with your toe. I don't care if you rip my ass apart with it, it feels so great."

As I wiggled my toe in his shit tube, he grabbed his leaking prick and jacked it up and down, his fist moving so fast it was blurry. On an impulse, I grabbed his ankles and brought his feet to my face. The smell hit my nose, the acrid, sour odor overwhelming my senses. Holding my breath, I opened my mouth wide and sucked both big toes into it, slapping my tongue over the soft pads, just as Joe had done to me.

"Oh, fuck, you're eatin' me too," he moaned. "Christ, what a turn on! I'm

gonna come so hard, I'll hit the ceiling." He closed his eyes and lifted his butt off the floor, his hand moving even faster along the length of his hot rod. Squirming his hips from side to side, he caused my hard toenail to cut into his rectal flesh from all angles. Joe sighed and groaned while I continued to suck his toes, licking and bathing them completely with my eager tongue.

"Oh, shit, Christ, man, I'm cummmmmin' hard," he groaned, and the jazz shot in long streamers from the end of his prick and landed everywhere, on his belly, his chest, his thighs, the carpet, and my legs. After a long moment, Joe relaxed against the floor, and I pulled my toe out of his asshole. Taking his feet from my mouth, I gave the bottoms a long kiss and snuggled them down to press against my cock.

Opening his eyes and smiling up at me, Joe asked, "How about that swim?"

The water was warm, and we dived in bare ass. I swam the length, Joe right alongside me. We pulled ourselves out of

the water and sat on the ceramic lip, shivering in the sudden coldness of the air.

"Joe, you said when you called you had something new for me. Was it the foot sucking?"

"No, that just happened on the spur of the moment, and, by the way, it's called shrimping. You might as well use the right terms, right? What I meant by something new is that I invited a couple guys to join us."

"Have I met them before?"

"I doubt it. They're brothers and they live next door. Just a second. I'll give a whistle." He brought his fingers to his lips and made a long, sharp sound. I was beside myself with excitement. The prospect of meeting two more studs to add to my collection was great. Besides that I loved the idea of seeing a pair of brothers get it on with each other as well as with Joe and me. It seemed to me a terrific experience was in store. What puzzled me was I knew at least by sight the guys Joe hung around with at school,

and there was no pair of brothers among them.

"Here they come," Joe said, pointing to the top of the wall separating his house from the one next door. To my surprise, I saw first one pair of legs appear over the wall and then a second. The shock was that they were tiny: little boy's legs. The two kids jumped down and came running toward us.

"What the hell is this, some kind of joke?" I asked.

"Hang tight. You'll see. Hey, you guys, I want you to meet Bobby."

The two kids came rushing up to us, giggling and jumping around like tiny antelope. They looked to be about ten years old, though they were actually thirteen plus. Being a little more than a year apart in age. Both dressed in short shorts, their smooth, white skin contrasted brilliantly with the faded denim of the little pants. They were blond, with sparkling blue eyes. One, who was slightly taller than the other, had tight ringlets of hair surrounding his

innocent face like a halo. The other, who I decided was the younger of the two, had his slightly darker hair cut in a Dutch bob.

"Bobby, this is Tim," Joe said, indicating the curly haired one, "And this is Ken. They're brothers, and they live next door."

"Glad to meet you," I said, doing my best to cover my naked crotch from the innocent blue eyes. What the hell was Joe thinking of anyway, inviting a pair of babies over when we were like this? One thing was sure, I was disappointed. Instead of couple of Greek gods, ready to treat us to an orgy, I was suddenly being introduced to some snot-nosed kids from over the fence.

"You guys ready to swim?" Joe asked. Turning to me, he said, "Wait till you see those two in action. They're really a couple of waterdogs."

Giggling and laughing, Ken and Tim slipped out of their shorts and dived into the pool. I caught my breath, thinking how cute they were with their little,

undeveloped pricks and slim, pert white asses. They dived into the pool and disappeared under the waves. I could see them against the bottom, swimming like dolphins. "How'd you like that?" Joe asked, a grin playing over his face.

"They seem like nice little kids," I said, sounding noncommittal.

"They are. Come on, let's swim." Before I could answer, he slipped into the pool. I followed, figuring I might as well get some exercise, if nothing else. I swam around underwater for awhile, thinking how really great it was to have a buddy with a pool and trying to pretend to myself that I was not disappointed that the neighbors had turned out to be thirteen or fourteen years old.

Surfacing, I saw that Joe was hanging onto the side of the pool. I swam out to join him. "Where are the kids?" I asked.

"Underwater somewhere. They'll show up, never fear. I never saw anybody like them. They're a pair of fish."

We treaded water lazily, propped up on the edge of the pool by our arms. I wanted to reach out and caress Joe's dark, hairy body, but didn't dare with the kids in the pool. All of a sudden, I felt a hand reach between my legs and grab my balls. "Hey," I said, turning to Joe, "You better not do that, not with those boys here."

Joe grinned at me. "I'm not touching you." He was right. Both his hands were visible, clutching the edge of the pool.

There was a splashing and a giggle behind me. "Hey," cried a high pitched voice. "He's nice. His grapes are real big, just like yours, Joey."

I turned to look. It was Tim, the older of the two. He was treading water in back of me, his hand still clamped around my scrotum.

Joe looked at me and dissolved in laughter. "Shit, man, you should see your face. I haven't seen a guy so surprised since Timmy pulled that on Harvey."

"You mean Tim's done that before?"

"Hell, yes, all the time and a lot more. Right, Timmy?"

"Everytime I can," Tim answered, swimming up to hang onto the pool beside me. "It's hard, though, keeping ahead of Kenny."

"Where is that little bastard, anyway?" Joe asked.

I felt a hand grasp my cock. "Right here, I think," I said.

Ken surfaced between me and the wall of the pool, spitting and clearing his nose. He nestled in between my arms, his tiny ass rubbing against my rapidly hardening prick.

"He's as big as you, Joey. I like him!" Kenny cried.

I could hardly believe what I ran into. These two babies seemed as bold as any of the studs I had yet met. But that could not be. Little kids did not do such things. Still, the smooth little ass pressing into my cock seemed very real indeed.

"You guys like him as well as you do me?" Joe asked.

"Sure we do! Don't we, Timmy?"

The curly haired angel nodded his head vigorously, his hand straying to my ass. Its touch was like a whisper.

"Then why don't you show him how much you like him, just the way you show me?"

Tim disappeared under the water. In a couple of seconds, I felt his small head come up between my legs. I pulled them apart, giving him room. The curly hair scrubbed between my balls and my ass, and I laughed in spite of myself. Things like this did not happen outside ancient Rome. Young lips kissed the underside of my balls, and my dong reached full hardness.

Feeling my heavy prick nudging his ass, Ken giggled and opened his legs. He shoved back against me, closing his legs again, holding my throbbing pole between them. Moving up and down in the water, he jerked my dong, using his crotch the way he would a hand. All of this was so perverse, so strange, and yet,

so exciting that I was not about to let it stop.

I felt Tim's tongue tickling my nuts now, and wondered how he managed to hold his breath for so long. He apparently reached his limit, because he surfaced behind me, throwing his tiny arms around my waist and nuzzling his face into the small of my back. He worked his way up my body until his little boy cock nestled between my ass cheeks.

"When I'm bigger, I can really fuck you. Would you like that?" he asked, his voice a tinkling bell.

"Yeah, I would. I'd like it a, lot," I answered, wishing he were mature enough to do it right now.

"Why don't we get out of the water, so Timmy and I can show you how much we like you?" Ken asked, looking up at me.

I pulled myself out of the pool, carrying my little friends with me, Tim hanging onto my hips and Ken riding my stiff dong. The two of them jumped down and

leapt around me like a pair of excited terriers.

"Lie down on your back and let them work on you," Joe said, getting out of the pool and coming over to where I stood.

I stretched out on the tiles, eager for what was to come. Joe sat down beside me to watch. The two little boys were suddenly all over me. Ken kissed my face, covering it with the tracks of his rose bud mouth, until he reached my lips. The tiny tongue slipped between them, and I nipped it with my teeth. He giggled and ran the soft tongue further in. At the same time, Tim moved up between my legs, using his curly mop of hair to tickle both thighs at once. I spread my legs to give him room. When he reached my crotch, he buried his pug nose in the softness of my balls and pushed them around in their sac, all the time laughing playfully.

Ken's body sprawled on my chest, and he wiggled around against my warm skin as he continued to kiss me and lick out the inside of my mouth. His spit tasted

like sweet wine as it oozed into my throat. I pulled his face away from my mouth. "Turn around," I said. "I want you to sit on my face."

Without hesitation, the kid swung around, sat up, and lowered his clean little ass to my mouth. With eager fingers, I spread the cheeks, marveling at the velvet smoothness of his skin. With a quick thrust, I shoved my tongue against the miniature asshole. The child let out a squeal of excitement and pushed against me, trying to get me to push further into him.

At the same time, Tim kissed his way up the underside of my prick. When he reached the base of the glans, he paused, running his tongue over the ultra sensitive spot and causing me to raise my hips in pleasure.

I dug my tongue deeper into the sweet asshole, holding Ken tightly by the hips to keep him from getting away. Never had I felt so lucky. It was as if I were having sex with myself when I was much younger, just beginning to discover what

passion might be about. But these two were way ahead of me when I was their age. Now, Tim's little mouth was trying to fit itself over the flaring tip of my hard penis. His lips were soft, It was almost as if I were being blown by a whisper.

Pulling Kenny against my mouth, I pushed inward, swirling my tongue around and around in the young shit hole. The flavor was sweet, as sweet as his saliva had been. The kid whimpered, and I wondered if I were hurting him. Instead of pausing to ask, I shoved in deeper. If I could not force my cock into his little asslet, this was the next best thing. My mind went back to when I ate out Hank's hole. This experience was different. It was like digging my tongue into a man's navel, only it was deeper, softer, and more yielding.

Tim managed to stuff in an inch or so of my prick, and his mouth was stretched to twice its normal size. The little guy had guts, I had to say that for him. I wondered what it would be like to force his head down, raping his young mouth

and throat and making him swallow the full length, even if it killed him.

Lifting Ken by his hips, I flipped him around to face me. I held him high above my face and looked up at him. He flailed his arms and legs, perfectly helpless in my iron grasp. Slowly, I lowered him. Opening my mouth wide, I let his worm of a prick slide into it. I closed my lips over both his cock and balls and sucked hard. He moaned with pleasure, shutting his eyes and hanging there like a broken doll.

"Kenny," Joe called, "Do what you do to me when I suck you like that."

Before I could even wonder what he was talking about, my mouth was filling with something liquid and warm. The goddamn kid was pissing down my throat. I threw him off me, and he landed on his back on the tiles, his little noodle still spouting urine. Spitting violently, I got as much of the stuff out of my mouth as I could, but still ended swallowing more than I wanted to think about.

"What's the matter, kid, can't you take it?" Joe asked, his voice harsh. I blushed. He was not talking to the little boys, he was talking to me.

"Tim," Joe said, "Come here, and let's show Bobby how we do it."

Leaving my cock, the little blond ran to where Joe was sitting. The dark haired athlete laid back, stretching out on the pavement and opening his mouth. Timmy straddled him, holding his cock to aim it. Then he opened up, spurting a stream of yellow-white piss right into Joe's face. Some of it missed his mouth and splashed over his nose and cheeks, and the kid adjusted his aim to hit the bulls eye. Joe swallowed eagerly, taking as much of the boy's juice as he could get. I watched in sick fascination. It was really happening. My friend, Joe, was drinking a fourteen year old's piss. When Tim finished, he shook his little prick, splashing the last drops over Joe's broad chest.

"God, Timmy," Joe groaned, "Your piss tastes so good. I wish you had more of it

for me."

"I will when I get bigger. Daddy says so," the boy piped. He strutted around proudly, holding his pencil slim prick and massaging it as if he were jerking off. "Do you got a reward for me, Joey?"

"You know I do. Come and take it." Joe ran his hand up and down the length of his hard shaft, and I knew what he was going to give the kid. Tim nestled in between the muscular thighs, his blue eyes glued to the huge, throbbing member. He licked his lips, almost begging to eat the teenager's load.

In the meantime, Ken had picked himself off the tiles and crawled over into the corner. His arms hugging his legs, he rocked back and forth, the picture of loneliness. Seeing him that way was more than I could stand. I went over to him and knelt down beside him. He did not look up. "Hey," I whispered, "I hope I didn't hurt you."

He shook his head from side to side but did not look at me.

"Good. Look, Kenny, I'm really sorry. You just took me by surprise is all. I'm kinda new at this."

The kid stared up at me, his blue eyes wide.

"New? How new?"

"Just a couple of weeks. I just found out about all the great stuff guys do together."

"I guess I'm pretty lucky. I been playing around for a couple of years and I'm only thirteen now."

"A couple of years, huh? You been having fun with Joe all that time?"

He shook his head. "No, Joey and us got together just this summer."

"Who, then?"

"Daddy. He taught us how to play. Do you want to play with me some more?"

"If that means you forgive me for throwing you like I did, I'd love it."

"Sure. Come on." He jumped up and held out his hand to me. I took it, and we

went back over to where Tim and Joe were lying.

By now, Tim was licking Joe's balls while the man continued to beat his meat, churning up a load for the kid to swallow. The boy's small pink tongue whipped over the surface of the hair studded pouch, and, in a minute, he had Joe moaning with passion. Whoever these kids' father was, he had taught them well.

Ken's hand cupped my nuts. He weighed them lovingly. "Ohhh, your eggs are so nice and heavy. I bet you got a lot of cream in there, don't you?"

I smiled down at him. "Yeah, quite a bit, I guess."

"Can I have some?"

"Sure. I'll lie down and you can sit on my face again. Would you like that? While you do it, I'll jack off and you can lick as much as you want." I laid on my back, the tiles cool against my skin, and the thirteen-year old hopped up and stuck his pert little ass in my face. I inhaled, filling

my nose with the clean, boy scent. "Push down hard against my tongue," I ordered.

The kid did as I told him to, grinding his tiny rosebud against my stiff, quivering tongue. He giggled with excitement, as my pointed tip worked its way into his butt. Grabbing my prick, I whipped it until I was rock hard. Already, I could feel the spunk building up in my roiling nuts. Before long, the white milk would be spouting out of me and into the little boy's ready mouth.

Joe bucked his hips around, in the throes of wild passion. The curly haired kid wrapped his arms around the hairy thighs, riding them as he laved the huge sac of balls. The look on his face was one of pure hunger. He could hardly wait to lap up Joe's honey.

I swirled my tongue around in Ken's shit hole, picking up where I had left off earlier. With my free hand, I grasped his little cock, stroking it in rhythm with my own. The child screeched with pleasure, wiggling his ass to push my tongue further up the shit trail.

"Oh, God, oh, God, ooooohhhhhh!" Joe yelled.

I left off what I was doing in time to see the cum shoot out of him three feet in the air. Tim was on it at once, clapping his small mouth over the end of the fountaining prick. He drank spunk, but not before his hair and face were soaked with the starchy liquid.

Joe's ass lifted high off the pavement, and he sobbed and groaned, completely helpless in the grip of the little boy's mouth, Tim sucked like a veteran, taking every hot drop my buddy had to give.

Now it was my turn. Ken leaned forward, his anus still pressing around my tongue, and caught the tip of my penis between his smooth lips. I frigged it harder than before, determined to give the kid plenty to keep him happy. His young fingers caressed my balls and ran down along my inner thighs. They played across my nerve endings, soft as a whisper. The animal sounds started in my throat, and my gonads told me they were coming to a boil. I sucked even harder at

Kenny's asshole, nearly pulling it inside out. My hips shoved upward, driving a couple inches of my distended prick into the tiny mouth. The kid held on, even though I had to be hurting him a lot. The little hands kneaded my nuts, urging the cum up and out. I came.

"AAAAAGGGGGHHHH!" I grunted, and filled the boy's mouth with half a gallon of hot, pure cream. He gulped it down noisily, trying not to miss a drop. All the time, he pinched my balls, seeing if I had any more. I came and came, driven on by the youthful lips massaging the throbbing head of my dong.

At long last, Ken had it all. Even though he kept on sucking, I had nothing left to give. Grabbing him around the waist, I lifted him into the air, pulling his face away from my groin. "Hey, kid, I got no more. I gotta stop, or you'll suck my guts out."

I let Kenny down onto the tiles, and he grinned over at me, wiping the cream from his lips. "You taste good, Bobby," he declared.

"Come on, Kenny," his brother yelled, running to the pool, "Let's go swimming." Ken followed him, and they jumped into the water. I watched them splash around, the picture of youthful innocence.

"They're something else, right?" Joe asked, sitting down beside me.

"Shit, yes. I never imagined a couple little kids could be like that. Kenny said their father made them that way. Is that true?"

"I guess so. At least, that's what the kids both claim. The old man's not around anymore."

"Where is he?"

"He took off. Left them with their mother. He still comes to visit once in awhile. He's a salesman and makes this his territory. I guess he's a friend of Hank Price's from what I hear."

"No kidding?" I asked, suddenly much more interested in the boys' father. "What does he look like?"

"I've only seen him a couple of times," Joe said. "He's about thirty-five, with real

dark hair. Good looking dude. I wouldn't mind making it with him myself."

"Me either," I replied, grinning to myself.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

In the days that followed, I made more and more new contacts, thanks to guys like Hank, Harvey, and Joe. It seemed as if every time I turned around, there was somebody wanting to go to bed with me. Needless to say, I made myself as available as possible.

"Yes, Mr. Jones, those sneakers are very nice. No, I don't want to try them on. I can't buy any. Well, if you insist, Mr. Jones. Let me untie my shoes. Oh, thank you. Now just slip the right one one… Oh, Mr. Jones!"

"I'd like to see a pair of those Levi's in the window. Thank you. Is there a fitting room open? Back there? Fine. No, don't bother, I can manage. Well, if you really want to help me try them on, fine. It's crowded in this little booth, isn't it. Oh! Oh, Wow!"

The best times I had, though, were with Harvey, Joe, and Hank. It did not take me long to get Hank and the other

two together. I found out they all knew about each other and that they loved man to man sex. They had just never had a chance to get to know each other that way.

It happened one afternoon. Hank picked me up after he finished work. We were going out to our favorite spot in the woods and fuck, but first we stopped by the drive-in for a Coke. Harvey bent down to wait on us. "Bobby," he said, looking past Hank to where I sat, "I thought that looked like you. How are you doing?"

"Fine, Harvey. Do you know Hank Price?"

"I've seen him around. You work at the gas station, don't you, Hank?"

"Yeah, that's right, Harvey. Pleasure to meet you formally." They shook hands, their palms in contact just a little longer than necessary.

"Where you guys headed?" Harvey asked, as he brought the Cokes.

"Just takin' a drive out to Parkers Woods," Hank volunteered, his gaze cemented to Harvey's crotch, looking even bigger than usual in the white uniform pants.

"Oh," Harvey answered, and then after a moment's pause, "That's too bad. If you didn't have firm plans, I was going to ask if you wanted to go over to Joe's for a swim. He asked me over after work and said if I ran into Bobby, I should bring him along. I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you came too, Hank." He gave Hank his biggest smile.

"Gee, our plans aren't that firm, are they Hank?" I cut in, imagining the scene that might take place once we got to Joe Apple's.

"No, I guess not," Hank said, sounding a little disappointed. "We'll have to go home and get swim trunks, though."

Harvey laughed. "Hell, no. Everyone swims bare ass at Joe's, especially since his folks are in Europe, and he has the house to himself."

"Oh, I see," Hank said, sounding a lot more interested than he had a moment before. "What time do you get home from work?"

Looking at his watch, Hank answered, "In about ten minutes. Take time on your Cokes, and it ought to work out just about right."

We followed Harvey's battered Chevy to Joe's place. Hank said little, and I wondered if his thoughts were racing the way mine were. I was sure he knew who Joe Apple was. After all, the big, dark haired boy was the town football hero.

With a roar, three motorcycles passed us. "Look at those bastards go," Hank said, his voice angry. "I don't know why the hell the cops don't get them for speeding in town."

"Probably scared to. That was Bart Towner in the lead, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, Listen, that's one sonofabitch to steer clear of. He used to hang around the station, just tinkering with his cycle and kidding around, and stuff like that.

Then, one day, he put the make on me. Caught me behind the grease rack and grabbed my ass."

"So, what's wrong with that?"

"He's pretty tough, too tough for me. I've heard of guys who could hardly walk away when he was done with them. He's a good one to steer clear of, like I said."

I pushed the discussion further. "What happened when you got your ass grabbed?"

"I told him to lay off and leave me alone."

"Did he?"

"Yeah. I guess I was big enough to be taken seriously. I didn't fool around with him one little bit. Looks like we're here."

Harvey parked at the curb, and we pulled in right behind him. We jumped out and followed Harvey to the door. He rang the bell, and Joe answered, wearing only jockey briefs. He looked surprised to see us, especially Hank, but not unhappy about it.

"Hey, come on in. I see you did make contact with Bobby, and brought a surprise along to boot," He looked Hank up and down, his eyes darting over the long, lanky frame.

"Joe Apple," Harvey said formally, "I'd like you to meet Hank Price."

"Oh, I know Hank, all right. At least, I've seen him working at the gas station."

Hank blushed under the attention. "I, I know you too. I guess everybody in town does, the way you play football."

"Never mind that. Nobody thinks about football in the summer, least of all me. Come on in." He stepped back and ushered us into the house.

We entered the living room, everybody a little ill at ease, because they were not more intimately acquainted. I was the only one who had screwed all three of them. That situation would change before the evening was over. I was certain, "You're looking mighty informal," I said, grinning at Joe in his white briefs.

"Oh, yeah," he answered, sounding a trifle embarrassed, "I was warm, so I stripped down. I'll put on some pants." He started for the stairs.

"Shit, no. No need to do that, especially if we're gonna go swimming."

"I thought you guys might like a drink before we go in the pool. That's why I was going to put on some pants."

"Hell," I said, "We're among friends. As a matter of fact, I was just going to get comfortable myself." I loosened my belt and pulled my tee shirt off over my head. Then, as they all watched, I bent and untied my sneakers and kicked them off. Now, all that remained was the cutoffs. By the way the three studs were staring at me, you might have thought none of them had ever seen me naked, let alone been to bed with me. The whole thing was an elaborate game.

I found the zipper slide with my fingertips. Then I paused and looked at Joe. "How about that drink you promised us?"

"Oh, yeah. I'll get it. Scotch all right for everybody?"

The three of us agreed, and Joe went to the kitchen. It was fun watching them. They obviously wanted to break down the barriers and get into some serious sex, but they did not know how. Since I had made it with each of them, it was up to me to break the ice. When Joe returned with the glasses of scotch, he said, "I thought you were going to get comfortable, Bobby. What happened?"

"Nothing, I just got sidetracked waiting for the booge. Now where was I?"

"You were taking off your cutoffs," Hank said flatly.

"Oh, yeah, I was, wasn't I?" Taking a swig of scotch, I casually pulled down my zipper. The silence in the room was roaring. Still drinking, I pushed the shorts away, letting them fall to my ankles. Stepping out of the discarded pants, I said, "There, is that better?"

Harvey gave a whistle. "You know it is, man!"

"So, isn't anybody going to join me?"

Clothing flew in all directions. Joe stripped off his briefs, Harvey doffed his white uniform, and Hank got rid of his coveralls. The four of us stood there eying one another, stark naked.

"Jesus," I said, my voice low, "You are three beautiful dudes."

"You're pretty great yourself. Right fellas?"

"Right. In fact, let's have a toast to Bobby," Harvey said, lifting his glass.

"Right," Joe added. "A toast to the hottest nuts in town."

"You mean these?" I asked, cupping my balls and raising them for the three to look at.

"Those are the ones. At least they're the hottest ones I've found."

"I'd say you're wrong," I answered, "At least part way. My nuts are no hotter than yours. In fact, I'd say we got the four hottest pairs in town, right here."

All of us laughed hysterically, but nobody made a move. Apparently I had to push things further. Strange as it might seem, these three randy studs, any one of whom was in the sheets at the snap of a finger, were frozen, just because they had not been to bed together before.

I looked at Hank. He was nervous, with a line of sweat shining on his upper lip. I had never seen his prick so shriveled up. Being naked before Harvey and Joe obviously embarrassed him terribly.

As for Joe, he kept glancing at his discarded jocky shorts, trying to figure out some way to slip back into them and forget the whole scene. He was like some little kid, caught with his hand in the cookie jar and trying to think of any excuse to get away.

Harvey seemed a little more relaxed. Even though his prick was as soft as the other two, he was staring at Joe and Hank openly, licking his lips in lust. I made a decision. Harvey was the guy to head for.

"How you doin' Harvey?" I asked, walking over to him. "Are your nuts as hot as mine?" I made a quick grab for his gonads, cupping them in my palm and jouncing them up and down. Like lightning, his dong expanded to full hard size. Hank whistled appreciatively, and I knew we were finally getting somewhere.

Harvey stood there for only a few seconds, letting me fondle his nuts, and then he reached for mine. "Mmmmm, feels good," I muttered, as he spider-tracked his long fingers across the puckery flesh. My cock, already half hard, sprang to attention, a drop of precum jewelling its deep piss slit.

"Hey, it sure doesn't take you two long to get excited," Joe said, chuckling.

"You ought to know," I shot back. "You've excited both of us enough times."

I expected him to go red with embarrassment. Instead, he moved over to us and wrapped a fist around each of our raging cocks. Now all that remained was to bring Hank into the circle. I leaned

back and arched my hips, giving my cock entirely to Joe's racing hand.

"Hey," I said, "Somebody's being left out. Why don't you come join us?" I grinned at Hank over Joe's hunky shoulder and winked at him. His shyness was leaving him, and his prick was lifting slowly to full salute.

"Fuck, yes," Joe said, letting go of my cock and reaching out to Hank, as if a four way had been his idea.

In a trance, Hank came over to us, his cock leading the way. Joe took it in his hand and squeezed it. "There, now doesn't that feel better?" he asked teasingly.

The big, blond mechanic smiled at him. "Yeah, it does at that," he whispered, caressing my prick just the way Joe had done.

Thank God each had two hands and one prick. That made things simple. Harvey cupped my balls and massaged Joe's dong. Joe kneaded his balls and frigged Hank's big cock. Hank jiggled his

nuts and jacked my snake. I squeezed his hot nuts and took care of Harvey's dripping hose.

"Christ, we should be on the stage. I never saw such teamwork," I cracked. Everyone laughed at that, still a trifle uneasy with the situation.

"Only trouble with this arrangement is, we got no way to hold our drinks." It was true. Our glasses of scotch sat on the table unattended. I figured if we all drank a little more, we would be doing a lot more than jerking one another's pricks before long.

"Here," Joe said, breaking the circle, "Let me freshen them up." He opened the bottle of scotch and poured more into each glass, apparently having the same idea as I did.

We each took a glass, putting us right back were we started, with nobody touching anybody. Everyone sat around naked, trying to make conversation. By this time, I was just plain angry. Here were the three studs who had taught me everything I knew acting like little kids

too shy to make a manly move. It was time for me to try again.

I stood up and stretched, giving them the full benefit of my naked young body. "Shit, when I drink I get so fuckin' horny I can hardly stand it." My cock bounced before me, fully hard and nodding as if to confirm my statement.

"You're not the only one," Joe said, again picking up my cue. "Look at me." He pointed to his cock, standing straight up hard as steel.

"So, what we gonna do about it?" I asked, rotating my hips so that my cock flopped from side to side. "Joe and I can't go on being horny for long, can we?"

"You? What about us?" said Harvey. He jumped up, showing a prick to match mine for hardness.

"Yeah! What about us?" Hank added, stroking his own raging harden.

"Got a real simple answer for you," I said. "You guys ever hear of daisy chain?"

"Now why didn't I think of that?" Joe asked in mock surprise. He laid down on

the carpet, stretching out on his side, "I'm ready if you are." He raised one knee, letting his big, perfectly formed cock flop onto his thigh.

I knelt down beside him, my eyes glued to the thick instrument. It was already drooling a stream of precum that formed a clear pool on his muscular upper leg. Taking the super hot prick in my hand, I laid down. As I did so, I inhaled, filling my being with the musky scent of a male ready to rut. After all the lead up to this scene, I was so ready to suck cock that my mouth watered. The single eye of the phallic monster winked up at me. With a shaking fingertip, I smeared the precum all over the satiny knob, making it shine and seem just that much more inviting. Moaning deep in his throat, Joe pushed his hips forward, begging me to begin.

"Oh, Christ, Bobby, suck it. Suck that baby or I'm gonna die!"

"I'll suck it. I'll suck the hell out of you, just as soon as these guys join us. What do you say, you two?"

In answer, Hank sank to the floor, burying his face in my steamy crotch. Without a single word, he took my drooling tip between his lips and pulled the whole length of my nine inch stalk into his throat. The beautiful warmth of his tightly hugging gullet filled my body, and it was my time to eat, regardless of what happened to Harvey.

I opened my mouth so wide my jam's hurt and pushed it down over Joe's upstanding spike. It hit the back of my throat, and I swallowed hard, easing it downward. Breathing deeply to keep from choking, I inched all of his boiling meat into my tight sleeve, fluttering my throat muscles around the stalk and making Joe sob.

"Harvey," he called, "Come here, goddamnit. If I don't get to chewing that big dick of yours now, I'm gonna go crazy."

The tawny basketball player moved into position, letting Joe pillow his head on his thigh, while Harvey scooted into position to get at Hank's jerking penis. As Joe ate

him, gobbling inch after inch of the long, salty tasting tool into his oral hole, Harvey began on Hank.

Since this was his first time with the big mechanic, he went slowly, exploring every step of the way. He flicked an eager tongue over the huge, baseball size nuts and nipped at the tender flesh with sharp, white teeth. I could feel the effects in my own prick. Hank sped up his action in response to Harvey's attentions, and his head jerked up and down as he tried to coax the fuck juice out of my balls. Already, the tingling was starting in my groin. He was fanning the fires, and I knew that, no matter how I tried to hold it off, before long I would be whitewashing his tender gullet.

I ovalled my lips tightly around Joe's pole and ran my head up and down. He pushed his hips forward to encourage me, fucking in and out of my willing face. We were in rhythm now, all four of us, and the slurping sounds of mouth on cocks filled the room.

Suddenly, I was hot to return to Hank the same pleasure he gave me. I let Joe's dong slip from my mouth and sat up. "Let's everybody switch," I yelled. Everyone else was too far gone to disagree, and we scrambled into new positions with my eating Hank, Joe eating me, Harvey eating Joe, and Hank eating Harvey. As I chewed down on Hank's big, throbbing prick, I tasted the sweetness of Harvey's spittle all over it, making it doubly good to me. It was like blowing one guy and kissing another all at the same time.

My crotch was on fire now. Joe's mouth ran up and down, and his long tongue wrapped itself around my pulsating shaft. I was ready to scream out my passion, except that my mouth and throat were so stuffed full of live meat all I could do was grunt.

Joe's hands found their way up between my inner thighs, touching and teasing all the screaming nerve endings and making my cock jerk around in his mouth. Then, he reached behind me and played in the long-crack of my butt,

running his fingertips up and down the length of it. I was crazy now, my asshole itching for cock. I wanted to be sucked and fucked at the same time I ate cock. I wanted cocks stuck in every hole, up my nose, in my ears, nice, boiling hot male meat reaming me out all over. Shit, I could no longer think. Everything was sex, hot cummy, smelly sex.

Letting go of Hank's cock, I moaned, "I gotta have more. I gotta have it all. Somebody screw me, man, right now!"

Harvey broke the circle and got around in back of me. I still copped Hank's long baby, and Joe still chewed on mine like an unweaned calf. Quickly, the two of them, as hungry for prick as I was, adjusted themselves so Hank could suckle Joe. The three of us formed a tight little triangle heads bobbing, throats growling. This had to go on forever, and we had to make sure it did. Fucking and sucking is what life is all about. I knew that now, and I was going to make sure I got as much male sex as I could, until I dropped dead of exhaustion.

Harvey probed my crack with his blunt fingers, finding and opening my tiny anal rosebud. At the same time, he kissed the back of my neck softly, running new chills down my spine to meet the ones coming up. Harvey slipped one finger into my butt, wiggling it around and loosening me up from inside. He would not have needed to do it. I was so ready to be screwed I could have taken it from an elephant. There was no way I could tell him, though. My mouth was stuffed full of prick meat.

I pushed back against the finger, driving it far up my anal track. Maybe that would give Harvey the idea. "You ready to get rammed, baby?" he whispered. I shook my head yes as best I could without breaking the rhythm of the blow job. Harvey understood and moved into position behind me. Since I was on my side, he did the same, pressing his broad chest against my back. His hard, small nipples pushed into my flesh, and I could feel his heart pound. Reaching behind me, I pulled my ass cheek out of the way, stretching my crack open for

entry. The blunt cockhead probed into it, sliding up and down its length and leaving a trail of musky precum. He had to get into me soon, or it would be too late. Joe was eating me so fast that I was having to concentrate as hard as I possibly could to keep from tossing my wad right now. About two strokes across my throbbing prostate was all it would take to have me erupting.

Harvey found the spot. His blunt knob rested against it, ready for the assault. I grunted, wishing he would come into me, filling me up just the way I wanted him to. Again, I nudged my hips backward, and, with a sudden jolt of pain, the head popped into my itching hole. Now I was where I wanted to be, cock filling my mouth, my own thrust into a hot, willing throat, and another prick well on its way to tickling my belly.

The pain disappeared as quickly as it had come, and Harvey nosed his prick into me slowly. I could almost imagine the head of it exploring every crevice of my shit channel, just the way a spelunker does when he enters a new cave. There

was a part of me that screamed for him to poke in all the way with one rapier thrust and begin riding my butt, tearing it to shreds. Yet, another part said that the slowness of Harvey's entry was more delicious, more exciting, especially with the way Joe's mouth raced over the taut flesh of my distended dong.

The flaring knob touched my prostate. I wanted to scream but could not. My bat jumped about in Joe's mouth, reacting instantly to the ultimate stimulation. If God did not mean an asshole to be fucked, why did he give males a prostate? Animal sounds came from deep in my throat, and I closed my eyes to concentrate on anything but coming.

Joe's mouth coaxed my prick, his stiff tongue running along the ridge on its underside, and Hank's dong filled my mouth completely, getting larger and thicker with every thrust of my head. I was a total sex machine, plugging and being plugged and loving every inch of it.

My body was on fire, but all at once the flames blazed into a white hot inferno.

My balls drew up against the base of my prick and fired. The cum sped up the length of the irritated urethra and out, burning the throat of the young athlete who sucked me. Jolt upon jolt of sensation coursed through me. My asshole contracted around Harvey's big dong, milking the jizz out of him. "Oh, Jesus, I'm cumming! He screamed. "You're pulling every drop. Oh, Jesus!"

At the same time, my mouth was full of Hank's bittersweet load. I swallowed madly, wanting every drop, wanting it in my stomach to mix with the torrent Harvey pumped into my guts.

Joe groaned deeply, and I knew that he was feeding Hank, while Hank was nursing me. Just as I hoped, the four of us had spilled at once in a great crash of sensual fulfillment.

After a long time, Harvey pulled out of me, his cock slipping away on a sheet of natural lubrication. I let Joe's dick fall from my mouth, still redolent with the taste of his delightful ball honey. Hank let got of my still stiff dick, leaving me alone

and lonely. The four of us grinned at one another.

"Shit," Joe murmured, "That was something great."

"Thanks for asking us over," Harvey said smiling.

"And thanks for having me come with you," Hank added.

By now, I was a little bored with the round of self congratulation, "What say we have that swim?" I asked. "I could sure stand to cool off."

"Right," they yelled and headed for the pool. I watched their firm, asses bounce ahead of me. Looking at their tasty smoothness, I vowed to get my cock into each one of them before the evening was over.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

I was flying high. It was hard for me to believe that a small town like mine could offer so much hot male sex. It suddenly seemed to me that every man in town was gay. That was not true, of course, but I had enough cock to keep me satisfied, and that's saying plenty.

I rode my bike down to the gas station one morning to see if I could sneak Hank into the restroom for a quick blow job. Pulling into the lot, I parked beside the building and came around to the front. Bill Lethe, who usually worked nights, was pumping gas.

"Hi, Bill, where's Hank?"

"Called in sick. Said he had to stay in bed today. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, I guess not," I answered, turning to leave.

"Don't be so sure about that, Bobby," he called after me.

I whirled to face him. “Oh, yeah?” I asked, not sure what he meant but hoping it was what I thought it was.

“Yeah,” he responded, a twinkle in his eye. “Wait’ll I finish up here, and we can talk about it.”

My heart pounded. Bill Lethe was nothing to sneeze at. Better than six feet tall, he was as blond as Hank, but a year or two younger. His body was great, too, somewhat less beefy than Hank’s but sexy nonetheless. As he leaned into the car window to give the driver his change, I saw his tight ass outlined in the overalls and wondered if Hank had ever screwed him.

Approaching the young stud had never occurred to me. He had a big reputation among local girls, at least according to them. Maybe they were all just wishing he would pay some attention to them. As the customer’s car drove away, Bill turned and walked toward me, smiling. “I been hearing a lot of things about you, Bobby.”

“Yeah, like what?” I thought I might as well play dumb, still my favorite game.

"I think you know. You like me?"

"Sure, I guess so."

"Good. Come on."

"Where we going?" I asked, following the lithe blond.

"There's some tires stacked up out back. They make sort of a little room, Nobody can see in. It's a nice place. That's were we're going."

He led me around the side of the station, past the restroom doors, and around the corner to the back. There, just as he said, were several piles of tires about six feet tall. Between the last stack and the wall of the station was an opening wide enough to squeeze through. I followed Bill inside, my cock swollen to full height.

Turning to face me, Bill unzipped the front of his coveralls, revealing a broad chest with huge pectoral blocks, crowned by beautifully formed rosy nipples and a scattering of golden fuzz. He was tanned to the deepest bronze, the result, I was sure, of working nights and having the

daylight hours free to lie in the sun. Pushing the garment off over his shoulders, Bill stood before me, nude from the waist up. "Ain't you gonna join me, kid?" he asked.

"I'm not a kid," I retorted.

"That's what they tell me. Suppose you prove it. Let's see what you got."

Without a word, I undid my shorts and let them drop to my ankles. My nine inches jutted out before me. Bill whistled appreciatively. "Shit, they were right. You're no kid, no way!" He pushed his coveralls on down his body, revealing a long, hard cock about a half inch longer than mine. Crowning it was a thick thatch of golden curls, and my mouth watered to taste the sweat and salty dried piss I knew was nestling there. Bill lifted his cock and balls in his palm.

"You like this? You like how I'm hung?"

I nodded my head yes, too busy concentrating on his equipment to speak. I licked my lips greedily, thinking of how good the hot cock meat was going to

taste. It was going to be great sucking it into my gullet, taking time to taste the flavor of every inch of it. Bill worked hard, just the way Hank did, and I knew that the salty taste of sweat would be mixed up with dry piss and, with any luck, some flakes of dried cum.

He moved toward me. My mouth was so full of saliva, it was running out at the corner. I opened my arms to him, and Bill sank into them. "I like the way you feel against me," I whispered, making sure to breathe the words right into his ear. I pulled the slim body to me, hugging with both arms.

"Me too. You're real good to be close to." He ran his hands down my sides and brought them around to rest on my well muscled ass.

I did the same to him and pulled our crotches together. Bill's stiff dong rested beside mine, and the two of them throbbed as one. I filled my hands with the young mechanic's butt flesh, causing our heated pricks to rub against one another, two sticks trying to start a fire.

We kissed deeply, our tongues dueling and exploring the insides of our ready mouths. I discovered at once that Bill really knew how to use his tongue. Maybe all those stories about him and the local girls were true, or maybe he had learned somewhere else. He licked across my upper teeth, worming the tip up against the gum line and making me shiver. We swapped spit, our mouths bubbling over with the sweet liquid until we were not sure whose was whose.

"Christ," I mumbled, "You got a great mouth, a good tongue too. You like to suck dick or what?"

Bill answered something I could not understand because he was so busy kissing and tickling the side of my neck. Then, he turned in my arms. He pressed his hard little ass against my stiff prick and rubbed his butt flesh against it. In my wildest dreams, I never imagined that Bill Lethe might want to get fucked. His ass was so firm and warm that I almost came just from having my cock rubbed with it.

"So you want to get screwed, do you?" I growled. "Well, you're about to get the reaming of your life."

Bill was getting really excited now. I reached down between us and probed at his clenched opening with my fingertips. With a gentle massaging right on the anal button, I managed to relax his muscles so that my fingers could slip past the tight ring of entry. Bill moaned with pleasure at what my hand was doing to him, and there was doubt in my mind that he was hot to be screwed.

He reached behind him and grabbed my prick, frigging it to a perfect state of hardness, so that when I thrust into him, it would be with a minimum of pain and a maximum of pure pleasure for both of us.

I moaned, closing my eyes and throwing my head back. Bill's fist on my prick made me feel weak in the knees. He covered the length of it with pleasure, massaging gently and lightly, at the same time coaxing me to near climax. I could wait no longer.

"I gotta do it now. I gotta fuck you, Bill, or I'm gonna squirt all over hell."

The blond bent forward, bracing his hands on his knees and offering his succulent ass to me. He spread his legs wide in welcome.

"Press your legs together. Don't spread 'em like that. I want it good and tight."

He pushed his legs together, then reached back to grasp my cock and guide it into him. My dripping knob nosed its way into the tightly clenched crack, and I worked it inward until it touched the quivering hole. I grabbed both hips in my hands. "I'm gonna screw the shit out of you, man, hard as I can drive. You're gonna love it like nothing you ever felt before. Tell me how much you're gonna love gettin' it from me. Tell me!"

With a deep groan, Bill pushed his buttocks back, trying to force my blunt head into his asshole. "I want it so bad, I can damn near taste it. I want it clear up inside my belly. I love gettin' screwed. It's the greatest. I want it all the time. Cock

in my guts. Cock, cum messin' up my butt. Want it bad, man, bad!"

I wanted to ask him who else screwed him, but this was not the time. It was probably just Hank, anyhow, and I already knew what he could do. But maybe it was somebody else, somebody like the dark salesman.

With a grunt, I pushed forward, flexing my buttocks and thrusting inward to pierce the super hot flesh. My satiny head slid past the taut ass lips. "Oh, Christ!" I mumbled. "Good, feels so fuckin' good!" I pressed again and two more inches slipped into him. At the same time, I reached around and grabbed onto Bill's arching dong, giving him a tight fist to fuck into while I fucked his ass. He wiggled his butt around, taking another inch of my hot meat.

"Oh, push it in, baby. Give me all of it, right up the shit trail. I want it all, man!" He tossed his head from side to side, begging me to ream into him, filling him to bursting with throbbing prick.

With my free hand, I grabbed his swinging balls and gave a twist. There was an instant reaction inside his rectum. Its walls pressed in around me, milking my dong in rhythm with the pressure I applied.

"Hurts," Bill murmured, "But the feel is great!" He lolled his head against my shoulder.

"Take it all, honey," I whispered into his ear. "Sit back on it and pull it all the way up your ass until you feel the fuzz tickle your sweet little ass lips."

Quivering all over with lust. Bill did as I ordered. He shoved back into my groin such force it nearly knocked me over backward. This was the ride of a lifetime. My hand raced over his steel prick stalk, and the other one massaged the roiling egg sac. Both of us moaned and groaned at the top of our lungs. To anyone listening it must have sounded like there were two dogs fighting behind the gas station.

"Screw me dead. Whitewash my fuck hole! I want fuckin' all the damn time.

Shit, fuck, screw, shit, man. Love hot cock up my ass!”

“Anytime, Bill, anytime you want it. Just me. I got plenty of what you want.” I began to plow, moving back and forth, pulling my aching prick nearly out and shooting it back in again, slapping my belly against the blond boy’s ass and raising a layer of sweat between us. In just a few strokes, I was nearing climax. Bill moaned and whined helplessly. I fucked harder, using my prick like a piston, using the young ass, making it mine, thrusting in so hard the kid would not sit down for a week without thinking of me.

“I’m coming, Bill. Gonna shoot my wad up your tight buns. Get ready!” I jammed my prick in to the hilt and began to cream. It seemed like the top of my head was coming off. My entire body was coming, reaching total climax. My blood and guts and muscles and bones were passing into the boy’s greedy ass. I was his, and a part of my body would remain with him forever. I moaned and groaned, stars and comets shooting through my

brain. That was it. This was life, and I was alive in the middle of it all.

My hands were full of slippery syrup. "Oh, shit, fuckin' shit. I'm cummmmming," Bill moaned, going limp as a great rag doll, while the cream poured out of him. My nostrils were filled with the sexy scent of fresh, hot semen. There is nothing in the world to match that smell. It spurred me on to new heights. Even though my hose was totally drained, I shoved it home once more and wiggled my ass from side to side, bringing fresh moans from Bill. When he was finally done, he pulled away from me, then turned to fall into my waiting arms.

"Christ, Bobby, you are the greatest. You're more man than anybody I've ever had. Come around anytime, and I'll be ready for you."

"It's a date, man," I said and kissed him. Then we dressed, and I took off, riding my bicycle down the street.

After I had gone about a block, I spotted something that made my heart

pound. There, in front of the hardware store was the Buick that belonged to the dark haired salesman. All at once, I knew where Hank really was. I was willing to bet he was not sick at all. He was just home waiting for the stranger to pick him up and take him out to Parkers Woods again. A plan formed in my mind. I would ride out to the Woods, get there ahead of them, and hide where I could watch them go at it. If the situation was right, I might even jump out and surprise them. That way I would have a chance to prove the salesman once and for all that I was no kid.

I rode to the woods as fast as my bike would carry me. Turning up the dirt road at a tremendous clip, I came skidding to a stop, right in the midst of three big motorcycles parked at the edge of the clearing. There, sprawled beside them were Bart Towner and two of his greasy buddies. They were laying around drinking beer, their shirts off, and their cocks pulled out of their tight Levi's.

Two of them dropped their beer cans and started to stuff their pricks out of

sight. But Bart jumped to his feet, his dong jutting out before him. "Jesus Christ, I think we got a present from heaven. Come on, you guys, let's grab him before he gets away."

I tried to get my bike turned around and take off back down the road, but Bart grabbed me, dragging me off it, ripping my shirt in the process. My bicycle clattered to the ground, and I dangled helplessly in the air, kicking and screaming, while the big cyclist roared with cruel laughter.

He carried me back to where his buddies stood looking at us, nasty grins on their rough faces. "I got us a little plaything. What you think we ought to do with it?"

"First thing is to rip his clothes off. Can't do a thing with all that shit in the way. Get him naked so we can see what he looks like."

I was scared, so scared I could hardly breathe. Towner had his hand clamped so tightly at the back of my neck that there was no way I could get loose, I struggled

anyway, hoping for an opening. Hauling back a big paw, he let me have it across the face, stunning me for a minute. When I came around, I could taste blood and knew that he had opened a cut on the inside of my cheek.

Towner dragged me over to where his companions stood and threw me at their feet. "Here! You guys strip him, and we'll see if we got us anything worth playing with. From what I hear, this one's a hot little piece."

The two big studs grabbed me, pulling me to my feet and tearing my shirt from my body, finishing the job Towner had begun. One of them reached out to hook his fingers in my beltline, but I backed away, right into Bart Towner's arms. He caught me in a bear hug, and there I was, kicking, screaming, and stuck. "Come on, you guys, get his pants and shoes off."

One of the greasers grabbed the backs of my sneakers and jerked them from my feet. The other ripped at my cutoffs, not bothering to unzip them. The zipper

pulled apart, never to be useful again. In a second, I was naked, still hanging in Towner's grasp, the studs on his heavy leather belt digging into my ass.

"Shit, this one's got quite a prick on him for a kid," one of the two helpers growled.

"If he's good, maybe we'll let him keep it, hey?" Towner answered.

"Still," the first guy said, his voice cruel, "I'd like to mount it next to the other ones I collected over the last couple of years. The kid'll never miss it, especially if we leave him dead."

The three of them laughed at that, and I wildly tried to recall whether anyone I knew had disappeared over the last two years. Maybe I would end up in a shallow grave, with my prick ripped away. My mind was racing as I tried to figure out how to get out of the situation. Towner held me so tightly that I could hardly catch my breath, let alone get away from them.

"What we gonna do with this piece of chicken?"

"Tie him up with your belts, and then we'll decide. We got plenty of time, and he ain't goin' nowhere, not hardly!" The two studs unbuckled their black belts and pulled them from their tight Levi's. One of them looped the leather through the big brass buckle, making a noose. This he slipped over my foot, securing it tightly around the slim ankle, despite my kicking. Grabbing my other foot, he pushed the two together and wrapped the belt around, tying me securely. He tucked the end of the strap inside, leaving me helpless.

The other bully did the same with my wrists, first running the noose around one of them and then securing the other hand to it. There was no doubt about it, these guys had had practice. Again I wondered what happened to the boys they had molested before they got around to me.

Towner let go of my chest, letting me fall to the ground, I lay there in a heap,

afraid to wonder what might be coming next. I did not have to wait long to find out.

"Stretch him out so I can get a good look at him," the cyclist ordered. One of his goons grabbed my arms and the other my feet. They stretched me out on my back so that I was looking up the length of Towner's muscular body. The mound of flesh in his crotch was getting larger by the minute.

"Christ, what a bag of shit," he snorted. "Is this the kid every stud in town's been raving about? He don't look like much. Guess we'll just have to try out the merchandise for ourselves to know for sure. Right?"

The other two laughed, and one of them rubbed his bulge, getting it ready for whatever they planned to do with me. I felt like a bag of potatoes about to be peeled. I was absolutely at their mercy, and my chances of survival did not look good. Maybe now I was going to have to pay for the pleasure I had discovered in man to man sex. The three ugly dudes

grinned down at me, their eyes revealing a cruelty I had never before seen.

Slowly Towner unzipped his leather jacket, showing a broad, hairy chest. His nipples stood out proudly on the blocky pectorals, the bareness of them emphasized by swirls of wiry black hair. His chest mat was the thickest I had ever seen, I shivered at the thought of it scrubbing against my belly or my back. Under other circumstances, I would have loved to make it with the big cyclist. Now, I was too scared to even dream about it.

He cast the jacket aside. The other two shed their leather tops as well. Neither one of them was as well built as the leader, but both were strong enough to do whatever they felt like to me, especially now that I was trussed up and lying at their feet. They gazed down at me, their bronzed muscles glinting in the afternoon sun. Each was now clad only in the tightest of jeans, high boots, and motorcycle caps.

Without warning, Towner kicked me hard in the ribs. I let out a yell of pain.

"This one's a screamer," he grunted. "More like a baby than a boy. Get a gag in his mouth, or he'll have the whole county down on us."

One of his helpers pulled out a snotty handkerchief, knelt down beside me, and forced it between my lips. I resisted, clamping my teeth tightly, until Bart Towner gave me another belt in the ribs. I yelped despite myself, and the dude forced the gag inward, lifting my head off the ground and tying it behind. Now, I could not even yell for help. I looked up into Towner's face, my eyes begging for mercy. His face broke into a sadistic grin, brought on by the terror in my face.

"There's nothing I like better than a scared kid," he grunted, "That's what makes it fun, having one that's scared shitless. Hurtin' a scared one's the greatest."

He gave me another kick, rolling me over onto my stomach. Then, he brought the heel of his boot down hard on the back of my head, driving my face into the dirt and making stars shoot before my

eyes. “Eat that dirt, kid,” he ordered, and then, not satisfied with that, he said, “Let’s make it even better. Mud’s easier than dirt. It’s simpler to swallow. Make some mud for the kid, Spike.”

One of the two stepped over my body to straddle my back. I heard him unzip his pants. Then, after a few seconds pause, some warm liquid splashed against the back of my hair. By the smell, I knew right away what it was. The guy was pissing on me. My stomach turned over, and I bit my lips to keep from throwing up. If I did that, my face would be pushing into vomit as well as piss-made mud.

The warm yellow liquid ran down through my hair and over ray cheeks, soaking the dirt and sticking with it to my face. By the time the stud finished, my entire head was sopping. Everything about me reeked of urine, and this was only the beginning.

Towner stepped in between my legs, forcing my thighs apart despite the leather belt binding my feet together. He

ran the blunt toe of his boot upward, until it touched the base of my ass, and then stepped down, hard. The sole of his shoe ground my balls into the earth. Lightning shot through my guts, and I nearly blacked out once again. Never in my life had I known such pain. Great tears flowed from my eyes to mix with the pissy mud. I would have screamed for mercy, but the gag was so tight I could only grunt.

The sadist dug the toe of his boot into my perineum, bruising my skin with cruel abandon. It was as if he wanted to leave his mark on me to remind me what a real stud could do to a fresh kid. I wondered what shape my body would be in by the time they finished. Maybe I would never know. I might be dead or insane before that happened. I could imagine myself sitting in the corner of a padded cell, my body broken and useless, my mind safely floating somewhere far out of reach.

"What's next, Bart?" The one called Spike was getting impatient. He had not put his cock away after pissing on my

head and was now frigging it wildly as he watched his leader abuse my crotch.

"Shit, we could do a lot of things with this one, turn him over and let him drink some piss now that he's rollin' in it, hang him up from the trees and belt whip him, tie him behind one of the cycles and drag him down the road, anything."

"Let's don't drag him till the last. They're usually so cut up after that you can't find their hole."

"Oh," Bart said, laughing, "I guess I know what you want then, a little screwing, right?"

"Right," both men answered together. The other one had his cock out now, stroking it to full hardness with his beefy fist.

"We need to retie his feet. Here, use my belt and anchor him to the cycles." He pulled his heavy belt from the loops and threw it to Spike. Then he knelt and untied one ankle, pulling on the tether to stretch my legs wide apart. Spike looped the other belt over my free foot and

pulled tight. Each of them fastened the end of one strap to one of the motorcycles. My legs were off the ground, my entire lower body suspended, leaving me helpless and driving my face deeper into the smelly mud.

"Who's first?" Towner asked.

"You go. You caught him."

I heard Towner unzip his Levi's and push them down. He knelt behind me and ran his hands over my ass cheeks, stretching them even further apart. "Shit," he growled, "That's a nice tight lookin' little hole. Hard to believe it's been blasted as much as I heard. Let's see how he likes it from a real man, rough."

My heart pounded in fear, and a cold sweat broke over my body. I could not even imagine how big Towner's dong might be, and he was about to ram it into me without lubrication. My mind was whirling, trying to find a way out, but there was none. If only I could pass out soon, I might be okay. If I never woke up again, at least I would never know it.

The blunt tip nosed into my open crack. I caught my breath and then tried to relax, thinking that would be my only chance of salvation. I had taken cocks without grease before, but then I had been excited and lustful, not filled with terror.

There was pressure, The big knob demanded entrance. My muscles gave way, and the head popped through. Pain stabbed through my guts. Surely I was being cut in two. There was no way I could take this. I groaned deep inside, my whole body wracked with suffering.

"Listen to him moan. He loves it!" one of them yelled. "Give him some more."

Bart flexed and rammed two inches of his thick, vein studded shaft into my butt. The pain was a fire now, licking at my insides and scorching out my guts. More tears streamed down my face. I was one open wound, my every pore screaming with horror.

More cock went in. Half of Towner's thick meat was inside my young body.

"Whip him," he yelled. "Whip him while I screw his ass!"

Spike knelt down and loosened the belt tying my wrists. They knew there was nowhere I could go with my legs splayed out like that. He doubled it over and snapped it against itself, letting me know what was next in store. Raising his arm high in the air, he brought the leather strap down across my upper back. I winced as the pain shot through me. It was so instant and so intense that I nearly forgot about the burning in my rectum.

"Again! Give him more," Towner yelled, as he sped up his reaming. His long cock shot out and in again like a silver piston. By now, my asshole was numbing to the pain, but I could feel it pulling out with his thick member and pushing in again when he shoved forward. Again and again, the belt's lacked across my exposed flesh. Spike covered my back from neck to ass with blow after blow until every inch of it blazed with hurting. I babbled internally, my mind disconnected. It was as if I were

somewhere far above, watching the whole scene from a safe distance. I was not even a part of it. The spread eagled boy was a stranger to me. What the three toughs were doing to this young body was some sort of lab experiment, vaguely interesting but of no real concern to me.

"YEEEAAAAH!" Towner screamed. He shoved in one last time, and I felt his cock swell even larger in my guts. Then he came. The red hot lava shot into my bowels, burning them and turning them to water. More and more steaming liquid poured into me, until the big stud was thoroughly drained. He continued to pump in and out of my hole long after he finished creaming. Then, with one jerk, he pulled out, leaving my hole open and dropping jizz.

"Come on, you guys. He's waiting for you."

The guy whose name I had not heard moved into position. His cock was rock hard because he had played with it all the time he watched Towner fuck me.

Bringing it to my hole, he rammed forward, shoving the whole length into my body. I thanked God for Towner's cum. At least it made the second dong easier to bear. The man pulled out slowly, letting his dink be well covered with his leader's jism. He sighed deeply, apparently as excited as Towner with the tightness of my shit hole. He pushed in again, and, by now, a part of me was beginning to enjoy the multiple rape. The enjoyment was short lived.

"Christ," Towner said, "I'm filthy. This looks like the little pig ain't shit for a week. I need cleanin' up." He crouched before me, one knee on either side of my head. Grabbing my hair in his big hand, he jerked it up. My face was an inch from his shit and cum streaked prick. "Clean this up, and do it good," he ordered.

The only thing that saved me was the gag in my mouth. Towner leaned forward and slapped the filthy prick across my cheek. In seconds he was whipping it over my face, covering my cheeks with the residue of his fucking. "Christ," he growled, "I'd love to make him suck this

thing, but if I take that damn gag out, he'll scream the woods down." He dropped my face back into the mud.

The second man came, shooting his load in to join his leader's. "Oh, shit, commmmmin', commmmmin' right up the kid's sweet ass," he groaned, his voice tight with passion.

He pulled out of me as roughly as his leader had done. Immediately, his good buddy, Spike, took over. He plunged in, riding on the double layer of lubricating cum that filled my butt hole. By now, I was far past feeling. I did not even know whether Spike's reaming hurt me or not.

Seeing that I was nearing unconsciousness, Towner decided to bring me back to life. He grabbed the belt and started whipping my back and shoulders again, this time holding the end without the buckle. The heavy brass fastener descended, biting into my back so hard it broke the skin. The sudden jolt of pain brought me around. Again, the belt buckle pierced my hide, and I could tell blood was trickling down my side. In

and out pounded the big, bumpy cock. Down and down again came the leather and brass. If my body had been in agony before, it was nothing compared to this. Now I was sure they had no intention of letting me go alive. How would I ever explain the sores on my back without telling who put them there?

"This guy looks like he needs a little cooling off," Towner said. "Why don't you help him out?"

"Sure, why not?" said the one who had just finished screwing me. He stepped up beside my splayed body and pissed, letting it splash over my raw, bleeding back, the saltiness of it pouring into the fresh wounds to make a new kind of pain. Towner kept pounding me with the belt all the while the guy pissed, and the rigid cock ripped in and out of my butt, When he left me, my hole felt as though it would never close again.

"What now, Bart?" Spike asked, eager for a chance to humiliate and batter me even more.

"Maybe now it's time to drag him behind the bikes for awhile. What do you think?"

"I think you better stay right where you are. Don't move, any of you, or I'll blow your head away," demanded a new voice.

# CHAPTER NINE

I lifted my throbbing head. The first person I saw was Hank. Then, I spotted Harvey. Neither of them had a gun or anything else to blow anyone's head off with. Into my line of vision stepped the dark haired salesman. He carried a thirty-eight and it was pointed directly at Towner.

"Now," he said, "Untie Bobby and get the hell out of here, and do it fast. Otherwise, I might decide I need to shoot all three of you in self defense."

"What makes you think you can get away with that?" Towner asked, his voice much less certain than it had been before.

"I guess you don't know it, but I'm from this town. I was born here. The sheriff is my cousin, and the coroner is an old buddy of mine. I'll tell you something else. You can go this time, but I'm gonna tell the sheriff to keep an eye on you, and, from now on, if any one of you as

much as spits in the street, your asses are grass. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Towner answered, his voice a weak whisper.

"Yes, sir," added his buddies.

They had already untied my legs and let them drop. Now, they jumped their bikes, revved the engines, and were gone down the country road without another word.

"You won't have any more trouble with those three jerks," said the salesman. "How's he doing?"

Harvey, who had been examining my body carefully, answered, "I can't tell for sure, I don't think there's any permanent damage. His back's all cut up, and his asshole's had a real going over. Other than that, he seems to be alive and okay."

"Good. Let's get him to my motel. Be careful when you lift him."

That was when I finally passed out.

Blinking my eyes, I found myself lying on my stomach, my face against a fresh, white sheet. My body was clean, and someone was gently cleaning the wounds on my back. With a groan, I turned, trying to see who it was.

"Hey," I heard Hank's voice say, "I think he's coming around. Bobby, can you hear me?"

"Yeah, I'm here. I can hear you." I was having trouble getting back to the real world. My mind was playing tricks. What if I was still really in the clutches of Towner and his hoods? Maybe the men I thought were my friends were really in league with them. But that was crazy. I was safe in the same motel room where I had first seen Harvey get it on with the salesman. Shaking my head, I opened my eyes. "How long have I been out?" I asked.

"About an hour, give or take a few minutes. How do you feel?"

"I don't know. I'm alive, and I'm pretty thankful for that."

Someone sat down on the bed beside me. It was the dark salesman. "They probably wouldn't have gone much further. I think that threat to drag you behind the bikes was just meant to scare you. They sure scattered fast enough when the three of us came along."

"Well," Hank said, chuckling, "You gotta admit, that gun you were pointing at them helped."

"That old baby's helped me out of a lot of bad situations. I'm glad I keep it in the car."

"How'd you three guys happen to come out there, anyway?" I asked.

The stranger looked embarrassed, but Hank just laughed quietly and said, "I think you can guess, can't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose so." Once again I was struck with a pang of jealousy, the big salesman had been ready to take the two of them on at once, and he would not touch me, even when I begged for it. "Where's Harvey?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"He went over to Joe's house to pick up some bandages and stuff. Maybe they'll bring back some of that famous scotch. I imagine you could use a drink."

"I'll say. There's nothing I'd like better."

The salesman got up. "I have a bottle here. Sorry, I didn't think of it earlier. You sure you can handle it? I mean, you're only sixteen."

My face burned with anger, but Hank broke the tension with another hearty laugh.

"Handle it?" he said, "Shit, this guy can handle anything. Compared to some of the stuff he's had in his mouth, scotch is like soda pop. Pour us all a drink, why don't you?"

The man went to the dresser, opened it, and got out a fifth of amber liquid. Uncorking it, he poured some into each of three tumblers. Then, he turned to Hank. "Will you go out to the corner of the building and get us some ice?" He handed the handsome blond the bucket. Hank took it and left the room.

The tall man came over and sat down again on the edge of the bed. He handed me a glass of scotch, and I rolled over on my side to drink. For the first time, I realized I was nude.

"I'm sorry I said that about your being able to drink," he said, his eyes focused on my sleeping rod, which was arranging itself casually along my thigh. "I guess you're kind of sensitive about your age, huh?"

"I am when it keeps me from having something I really want," I said, looking straight into his handsome face.

"Like the booze?" he asked quietly.

"I got the booze," I said, raising my glass. "I meant something else." My cock stirred as I thought of all my fantasies about him.

"Oh, yeah, I know what you mean. I'm sorry, but I got a rule about guys under eighteen. I can't afford to fool around with kids."

He had said the word, and I saw red. "What about Tim and Kenny?" I blurted,

not even thinking of what I said.

The man looked as if I had slapped him across his face. His eyes jerked away from my growing prick and met my clouded gaze. "My kids? What do you know about them?"

"Only that I made it with them the other day, and one of them just happened to tell me how he got to be the way he is."

He buried his head in his hands and sobbed. "Don't you see? That's the whole reason I feel the way I do. I turned my own sons into a couple of… of freaks."

"I sure wish I'd had somebody like you to get me started. If I had, I probably wouldn't have gotten into the mess you rescued me from this afternoon."

"Really?" he said, looking for the first time as though he might believe me.

"Yeah, really. I been running all over town, laying with anybody who'd have me. I'm so hungry for cock, I can never get enough of it. Your sons are never going to have to go through that. Sex is

just one more natural part of their lives, a beautiful part but not a tidal wave, like it is with me."

The man smiled and gave my knee a pat. "Yeah. As a matter of fact I been hearing a lot about that from Harvey and Hank."

"It's all because of you, I guess. When I couldn't have what I wanted, I went after everything else I could get."

"And you ended up nearly getting killed this afternoon," he finished for me.

"Yeah, guess you can look at it that way," I answered.

"Guess I owe you one, don't I?" he said, his hand on my knee again.

I looked into his eyes. "Only if you think so."

Our lips met, and we kissed deeply, my mouth sucking his tongue so hard I thought it would come out by the roots. That was when Hank returned with the ice.

"Jesus," he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to disturb anything."

"That's okay," said the salesman, breaking our kiss.

"To hell it is," I countered, my hand moving into his crotch.

Hank took one look at me and knew I was serious. "Okay, okay, I can take a hint. I'll go outside and wait for Harvey and Joe. We'll go over to Joe's and take a swim or something. Sure you won't need the bandages?"

The dark salesman looked at me questioningly.

"Leave them outside the door," I said, my fingers busy undoing his slacks.

"Right. See you later. Don't bleed on the sheets." He left, closing the door behind him.

"Take off your clothes," I whispered, my prick now at full rise.

As I worked on his zipper, he unbuttoned his shirt, each movement bringing more and more of his broad,

muscular chest into my view. I parted the halves of his fly and ran my eager fingers through the lush forest of blue-black fuzz. At the bottom of the vee was the wide base of his heavy prick. I longed to have it inside my body, even though my asshole still throbbed from the triple rape.

"Don't forget your socks," I whispered. "I want you naked as the day you were born."

The dark stud leaned down and peeled off his socks, dropping them on top of his shoes. "And now?" he asked quizzically, making it clear he liked the fact that I was running the scene.

"Lift your ass, and let me pull your pants off," I answered, my hands moving under the belt line and pushing downward. He arched, giving me room to slide the trousers over the silky flesh of his butt. As I did so, his cock sprang out and flopped up against his tight belly. He was ripe and as ready as I was. I finished ridding him of the pants, pushing them over his ankles and onto the floor. Now,

he stretched out beside me on the bed, naked, the way I had dreamed he would be.

I shook my head, making sure I was awake. The nearness of the man I had thought of so much was overwhelming. I inhaled, savoring the odor of his fully male body. It was a clean scent, but with wonderful undertones of manly sweat and crotch. Looking down, I saw that a drop of crystal precum had formed at the tip of his wildly jerking prick. It was there for me. I sat up, still feeling the pain of my ordeal, bent over, and lapped it up with my tongue. My partner moaned deep in his throat. He was impatient for the real action to begin. With a gentle hand, he ran his trembling fingers down my back, encouraging me to go further. I opened my mouth wide and capped my lips over the rim of his flaring corona. His hips lifted slightly, begging me for attention. Quickly, I slid my hand under his buttocks and found the long crack of his firm butt. Slipping into it, I ran my fingers along the hairy slot. He lifted higher to give me better access to him. I

brushed across his tiny, puckered hole. With a quick thrust, I drove one finger in to the knuckle. The man let out a little gasp, and his muscles clamped down on my finger.

"Christ, you sure know how to suck cock," my dark haired friend said with a sigh. He started to move, and I was afraid for a second that he was pulling away. Instead, he adjusted his body so that his head was at my crotch. His cock twisted in my mouth, but he kept it firmly planted there, just the way I wanted it.

He paused for a moment, looking at my turgid rod, now standing straight out from my body and drooling sweet precum. "God, that is one great prick. It's so young looking, so fresh and perfect. It looks so smooth, just like marble." Taking the head between his thumb and forefinger, he smeared the precum over it, making the whole knob glisten. By now I was so hot, it was all I could do to keep from coming just from the rubbing. I closed my eyes and fought to hold it back, trying to think about something else. That was hard to do considering my

jaws were stretched with over half of his pulsing shaft. Beyond thinking, I shoved my head forward, ramming all of it into my throat. My nose dug into his soft, supple nut sac. I breathed in the heady aroma of dried ball sweat.

His tongue flicked over my blood filled knob. I let out a moan. If his fingers had nearly brought me off, his licking was doing the job even better. The pointed tip of his tongue fucked into my leaking piss slit. I thought about a thousand things, my mind spinning, trying to maintain control. It was no use. I was six feet of cock, shuddering all over and already leaking drops of cum. He lapped them up, knowing my deluge was not far behind. The suction on my dong was tremendous. My moans were even deeper than before, the sounds of some primitive creature, driven solely by sex and lust. I shot my hips forward, shoving my prick deep into the man's eager throat. The tight passage closed around me, bringing me that much closer to climax. Nothing had ever been like this. All the times with Harvey, and Joe, and

Hank and everyone else were forgotten. They had all been rehearsals for this moment. I was doing the things I had dreamed about with the man I had dreamed about doing them with. Nothing could stop me. Nothing would hold me back. I came.

With a wrenching groan, I pelted the back of his throat with my hot, creamy spunk, He sucked greedily, taking every drop and milking my shaft with his tight mouth to be sure he had it all. I sobbed and cried, my mouth still kneading the hot, stiff prick that filled it so completely I nearly choked. My finger plunged in and out of the tight, moist asshole, the huge cock jerking in response.

When the salesman finally pulled away from my dick, I was drained thoroughly. My balls dropped low and ached with emptiness. If I never came again, this one was worth it. Now part of me was in the dark man's body. My sperm was exploring his depths. Still, I wanted more.

Letting his raging cock fall from my mouth, I said, "Will you fuck me?"

"Sure. When you're feeling better, I'd love to."

"Not then, now. Fuck me now."

"So soon after those pigs raped you? Aren't you afraid to do it again this quickly?"

I shook my head. "No, and besides, if my asshole were torn to pieces, I'd still want it from you. I've waited so long for you. I learned how to fuck because I wanted to be fucked by you. I want it all, and I want it now!"

"Well," he grinned, "I guess there's no use my fighting determination like that, is there? Promise me one thing, though. If it hurts, and you want me to stop, tell me right away. We got plenty of time. If we don't screw today, we will before long."

"Now," I said again. I raised my legs, gripping my knees with both hands. My small, white ass was raised in offering.

The man ran his hands over it, staring at the creamy flesh. "Wow, you got one nice ass. Everything about you is so

beautiful, Bobby. It's really hard to believe one guy could be so perfect."

"It's all for you, babe," I whispered, smiling at him over my knees.

"Hey," he said, suddenly growing serious, "That's something we gotta talk about."

"Later. Right now, I got to be screwed, or I'm gonna die."

"No," he answered. "We have to talk now."

I lowered my legs with a sigh. "Okay. What is it?"

"I don't want you getting hung up on me. I'm a salesman. I hit a lot of towns around here, and there're guys in every one of them, good looking guys like Hank and Harvey."

"And?"

"And I get it on with any of them every chance I get. That's the way I am. It's what broke up my marriage, and it hasn't changed. I don't want someone pining away for me, waiting for me to come

home, when all the time I'm out balling some other guys."

I laughed. "Is that what's bothering you? For a minute, I thought it was something serious. Let's face facts. I'm one horny guy. I'm so horny, I want it all the time. Ever since I started doing it with guys here in town, I want more and more. I'd be happy if I had my ass, and my mouth, and my ears, and my nose stuffed full of hot prick all the time. There's no danger of my sitting around beating my own meat while you're out of town, believe me. Just because you're the guy I dream about doesn't mean I'm dead. There're too many hot studs around for that."

"You sure are sensible for a kid."

Anger flashed in my eyes. "Look, don't call me a kid. I'm sixteen, and I've seen and done plenty. I'm no kid."

"Okay, I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

"Good." I lifted my legs again. "Come on. Let's fuck."

He got to his knees, and I looked up at his dark, hairy body as he towered over my butt. My eyes focused on the long, club like prick, weaving straight out in front of him. Wide at the center, it tapered to a pointed, efficient looking tip, the corona flaring wide, ready to scrape the inside of my ass. The glans were an arrowhead about to pierce my willing target. Despite my recent triple rape, I felt like a virgin. My body shook so hard I could hardly hold onto my knees. We were about to be as close as two men could ever be, and my asshole burned in anticipation.

The man reached down and, using both hands, pulled my cheeks wide. Then he smiled up at me. "Your little fuck hole's quivering. Know something? It's beautiful, just like the rest of you." He ran his fingernails over the tiny cleft, sending new shivers through my body. If he kept that up, I would cream before he ever got inside.

"Please," I begged, "Please fuck me nowwwww!"

Without another word, he bent and brought his soft mouth to my hole. He prepared it quickly, working gobs of spittle into me with his stiff tongue. When he had my scabbard thoroughly lubricated, he straightened up and took his huge cock in one hand. Aiming it carefully, he moved forward, pressing the smooth tip up against my hole. I closed my eyes. The moment was here. He pushed slightly, and nothing happened. He pushed again, and I opened my body to him practically pulling the throbbing head into my butt. My muscles clamped it tightly, as if they were afraid he was going to get away. I held him in the warmth of my entryway feeling the pulse of his heartbeat in my rectal passage.

Opening my eyes wide, I looked up at him "Give me all of it, now!"

He lunged forward, and the long cock plunged into my depths. Never had anything felt so good. With one thrust, he made me his I threw back my head and groaned with pleasure.

"You hurt?" the man asked, freezing above me.

"No, no. I love it. Love it. Plow into me, man. Fuck the shit out of my ass. Give me something to remember."

He started screwing, pulling his prick all the way out until only the arrow tip was still inside me. Then he lunged in again, making the full length rip across my throbbing prostate gland. My moaning increased. I let go of my legs and threw them around his neck, beating at his broad back with my heels. "Fuck, fuck, fuck me," I yelled, tossing my head from side to side. Reaching up, I pulled his chest down on mine. Our lips met, and I opened my mouth wide, accepting his writhing tongue. Our bodies coupled now in two places. I sucked his tongue into me, just the way I ate up his slick, steely prick. It moved like a piston, banging in and out, again and again. My moaning had turned to helpless grunts, happening in rhythm with his wild thrusts. Our flesh slapped together. Everything was fucking. The world was fucking, and all of it was going on right there in my ass.

"Oh, God, oh, Christ, I'm cummmming," the man screamed.

His white hot lava poured into my guts at the same time as my second load fountained out to splash on both our chests and bellies.

He collapsed onto my body, his cock still buried far up my tube. Burying his face between my neck and shoulder, he rested his dark hair against my cheek. It was wet with sweat and smelled good.

"I've sure found out one thing today," he whispered.

"What's that?" I asked, bringing a hand up to caress his hair.

"You're no kid."

# The End